STRATTON HILL,

A TALE OF

THE CIVIL WARS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"LETTERS FROM THE EAST."

"TALES OF THE WEST OF ENGLAND,"

&c. &c

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STRATTON HILL.

CHAPTER I.

' The wild flowers o' simmer are spread a' sae bonnie,
The mavis sings sweet from the green birken tree,
But far to the camp they hae marched my true lover,
And now it is winter wi' nature and me."

THE ceremony was no sooner over, than Colonel Trevanion, mounting his horse, quitted the town, and rode rapidly along the road that led to his own province. The late duel, and still more, the lingering moments of suspense and reflection that preceded it, had brought back past hours of tenderness, past hopes and resolves, vividly to mind. The hurry and incessant operations of

the campaign had for a time diminished their influence, but now it returned with a power that could no longer be resisted. The approaching battle, too, urged him to hasten and see once more the object of his love. Often had he longed intensely at first to see her, and lay his newly-won laurels at her feet; but by degrees this impatience had subsided; other and rival passions had governed his mind; and their influence was the stronger, that till now they had been utter strangers to his path,—better had they ever continued so.

An enthusiastic lover would have said he was grasping at a phantom when a beautiful and devoted reality was before him;—a few months since he would have said the same,—but a change had come over his thoughts. Wearily did the hours of his rapid journey pass through the flat and monotonous tracts of Somerset, and the hills of Devon that succeeded only whetted his impatience, till he saw at last the sea spread beneath, and quickly after entered the naked wilds of his own province. There is a benign and soothing influence in our native scenes, however rude they

are, when, after a troubled absence, they greet our eyes once more. Trevanion gazed with the liveliest interest on the bold promontory, the dizzy cliff, the lone and tenantless heath, as they came successively to view; and as he now traversed them at a more leisurely pace, the serene and lively emotions he had so lately known there, resumed their empire over his mind. The exciting sights and sounds of war were no longer present; the haughty rivals in his career, as well as the devoted friend, were afar; and each agitating feeling by degrees subsided into those of a more pure and simple character. Each step that the gallant and ambitious soldier took tended to draw aside the golden veil that success had cast over his spirit: but that veil was not rent,—it required, perhaps, but the same subtle hand to fold it round his soul as closely as ever.

The evening had set in gloomily, dark clouds covered the sky, and the wind whistled shrill along the moor over which Trevanion spurred his horse impetuously. On arriving at the edge of the moor, he saw before him the end of his journey. At no great distance, and sloping

gently from the high and exposed ground, were the groves and towers of St. Germain's, near which was the village and the dwelling of his friends. He paused for a moment, and dwelt with joy on the rich and tranquil scene, so different from those in which he had lately mingled. "How beautiful," he said, "and calm!—life might glide happily away in such a scene as that; —no stormy passions, no rending jealousies, or the sound of the strife, where men contend for all that is dear to them. Such a place was once my hope, there to live with Eleanor—and why not now?" He advanced at a rapid pace down the long slope, and soon drew nigh the venerable cathedral. Its appearance at that moment was peculiarly striking: the ivy that covered its ancient turrets was waved wildly by the wind, that came impetuously through the ruined aisles; the ancient oaks bent to the blast, and the sound of the coming tempest was abroad: the gloom deepened fast around the dilapidated walls, and the small cemetery, where the fathers of the monastery slept, in tombs half hid by the grass and weeds that grew rankly there. As Trevanion passed one of the lofty arched windows, he thought he per-

ceived the waving of white garments within: he checked his steed, and a few moments after Eleanor Dawnay issued from the massive portal, and uttered an exclamation of joy and surprise on seeing her lover. His appearance at this moment was just as she had wished to see him;—his burnished helm sat gracefully on his brow, and his cuirass, less bright than when he had first worn it in the strife, bore the marks of many a stern dint: his look and bearing too were changed; the once pensive and melancholy air had given way to the dauntless expression of the successful soldier. He sprung from his panting steed, and folded her in his arms: the ardour, the devotedness of his first affection returned in this moment of meeting. As he pressed to his own the bosom that he knew beat only for him, he wondered how any thing but her love could have gained any influence in his heart.

Eleanor gazed on her lover with deep and almost unsullied joy, the more exquisite that this meeting had been entirely unlooked-for. Even at that moment, amidst the ruin to which she had wandered, she had pictured him in loneliness and dejection, the wounded and friendless victim of war.

"Trevanion, thank heaven! I see you once more, safe and unharmed from the field—at this moment too, when I believed you in danger and sorrow; for fearful rumours have reached us of the force and successes of the enemy."

"Danger I have known," he said, "but no sorrow save what your absence caused: and I have hurried from the camp to snatch one short interview more; but you look pale and wan. Why are you here, in this place, at such an hour?"

"Ah! we have been parted so long, I have thought sometimes I should never see your face again; and this foreboding has followed me throughout the day; and in such a mood, this wild ruin has been dearer to me than the quiet saloon, for all around me here sympathised with my dark thoughts."

"Let them pass away for ever," he replied, "bodiless and fleeting as the wind that passes by: they shall agitate you no more. But was it right to give way to them thus?—they have done the work of adversity on that lovely countenance."

"I know not," she said; "I strove with them, but they would not depart—in my dreams, too, they came—dismal forebodings! dark messengers of ill! —There I saw you stretched on the field, and there

was no help nigh; and the rent banner lay by your side."

"You are changed, Eleanor: the firm and high tone of your mind is surely changed. When we parted last, who was it excited me to my present career? Who was it fanned the slumbering ardour in my breast—but my own betrothed bride."

"I know it, Trevanion; I know that I did so. But absence, cold lingering absence, so far too, with every day and hour big with fresh perils and alarms; and then you wrote me so rarely! Why did you not send oftener to tell me of your welfare? Were the duties of the camp so pressing?"

"They were indeed pressing," he said confusedly; "I own my negligence with sorrow. Forgive it, my love, and impute it only to the multitude of cares, the strife of thought and purpose, of which I have been continually the prey."

"I will forgive it; but oh, Trevanion, repeat it not again: the anguish of suspense and fear is too hard to bear. Remember that my spirit is less strongly moulded than your own. You know that when we parted last, I vowed to follow you into exile, into misery, and the direst ills. And I would do so!" she said passionately;—"There! I did not say falsely—let the hour come that shall prove it;—but

alone, and bereft as I have been, not knowing what the morrow might bring forth—whether he I loved had a bloody bier—I have been weak as an infant."

"Faithful and devoted girl!" he said, deeply affected, "you would be all you have said, and more to me, did stern and adverse circumstances call for it. I have been in wild and busy scenes ever since we parted. Believe me, they alone have made me a negligent correspondent, and no coldness, no thoughtlessness on my part."

"I knew that it could not be," she rejoined. "I knew your true affection; and why should I blame you, occupied as you were unceasingly in your glorious career. I've often thought, Trevanion, how useless and still was my path compared to yours: you toiled and fought, and watched night and day to gain distinction to yourself and to your future bride. The warring pretensions, for so you wrote me, by day—the alarm, the sleepless watch, the earthen couch, by night, all, all in the fierce and deadly game of war. But for me, the walk by the side of the lake or through the wood; the cherishing my beds of flowers, or here, in the ruin," she said with a smile, "the care of the ancient image of my loved saintess—these have been the

high occupations of your Eleanor. Are they of note enough to draw her knight-errant from the field?"

"Yet these peaceful habits," said Trevanion with a sigh, "were once my own favourite ones, in which I desired to live with you, where no storms should come in our path. But your knight-errant has not misused the time of his absence. He returns as he passionately desired to return; not undistinguished or inglorious. Eleanor, this is the sweetest moment of my life. I see your dark eye kindle, and the colour flit again to that pallid cheek; for it was your ambition, warmly as my own—"

"It was," she eagerly replied; "and fully, splendidly have you redeemed your promise, that, when you saw me again, it should not be as an obscure or unknown man. Stratton will live for ever in the minds of men, and as truly will Trevanion's name ever be joined with it.—But were you not wounded? They told me of the glory you had gained; but they said not whether you came unscathed from the bloody field. There are dints in your helm and cuirass, and stains, St. Etha! red and recent stains on your breast. You have been hurt, and deeply; your face, too, is deadly pale!"

"It is nothing," he said with a smile, "merely a slight scar or two, that would not alarm an infant; and I've ridden so hard to arrive here, 'tis no wonder if the ruddy hue of my native hills is quite banished. But our moments are precious, and mine are already numbered; I must tear myself from you, dearest girl, and hasten with all speed to the camp."

"Trevanion, you cannot mean this! you cannot surely fly from me thus: a few hurried moments only have passed ere you came, and now you will turn from me as impatiently as if despair and dishonour clung to you on this solitary spot, instead of your own—"

"Urge me not, Eleanor, I implore you," he answered: "it needs not that lovely and resistless look to bid me remain—to bid me forget my standard and my command: but it cannot be! What would my friend, Sir Beville, say, were the battle to be fought, and I was not there?—was he told, that the silken bonds of love had drawn me away? I would not dare meet the look of that soul of chivalry more."

"Chivalry!" she said, sadly; "yes, it is a splendid thing: but to me its splendour is faded! If these are the fruits of it, what will it avail to

our happiness? A few weeks since, we talked of our union—its hour is darkened—its hope is blasted. Alas! it was my hand drew the veil over it; my words thrust it aside to the future—the cold, uncertain, withering future. How wildly the wind sweeps by: a storm is rising, and, by the angry sky, it will be a heavy one. Trevanion, you must not part at this moment, to be exposed to its fury—"

He paused and seemed lost in thought: his love for the woman before him bade him quit his present career, for a time at least, for a few days or weeks, to receive the hand she had refused him before: his look rested on her pale and altered one, that was now full of a vivid alarm; the long tresses of her dark hair, blown wildly by the blast, covered for a moment her beautiful features, and then left them as before. Never had he seen her thus dejected and dependant. Was this the high-spirited maiden that had placed the lance in his hand, and bade him gain a name ere he received her own? But the thought, that to-morrow's sun might dawn upon the battling hosts, came like a barbed arrow to his heart.

"I may be too late," he said bitterly, "and the name I have earned will be thought light of.

Eleanor, fate compels us to part, for a while—for a short time; that will pass quickly away, and then we shall meet to part no more. Each hour, each moment that flits by, has a fearful voice to my ear."

She made no reply, but leaned sadly on his breast. No woman, perhaps, loves to see her tenderness slighted, however highly she may approve the motive: her own foresight, too, told her, that the devouring thirst for distinction, that now filled her lover's mind, could not subside, could not be satiated, so early or quickly as he told of: while the war raged, there would he be found; and the dear, rapturous scenes of domestic happiness would be placed far, far, in the distance of futurity. And the storm, the gathering darkness, all aided to increase the disorder of her thoughts. It seemed, to her awakened fancy, that there was something ominous and foreboding in the scene and hour. The rapid gusts of wind came loud and mournfully through the hollow aisles and spacious gateway of the cathedral; the ancient oak near which they stood swung its vast branches to the sky, and then bowed them down to the earth again; the low and heavy clouds, opening at intervals, allowed a partial gleam of light to

rest on some portion of the mouldering wall or broken arches. At that moment, Trevanion's helmet, that he had unloosed, was swept from his head by a sudden and furious gust, and fell to the ground, at Eleanor's feet, with a shrill and sudden clang. The terrified girl shrieked at the sound, and clung to her lover's arms, as if the sword of the enemy had been nigh.

"I know not," she said, "but this unwonted weakness augurs some ill. Hark! did you not hear a sound, as of wailing, from the ruined abbey? or is it but the sighing of the blast? Again, it seems to come like a warning voice, and to say that we may never meet thus again. Yet go!" she added, with a sudden burst of energy, "I will not detain you from the field; the voice that urged you on shall never call you back. I may be the victim; and you, my dear Trevanion, you too may feel that its stormy career may end fearfully. I would we had not met on such a night as this and such an hour. Why wanders your look there? what see you through the gloom? it is the place of tombs of the ancient abbey, and there sleeps my mother: now the light breaks on her sepulchre, at the foot of the grey wall, where she wished to be laid—look no more on it"

"I was but gazing on the gathering terrors of the night," he replied: "and is that your mother's tomb that is dimly visible through the gloom? how strangely the gleam of light rests upon it! the broken sepulchres of the fathers around are wrapped in darkness—by heaven! your name is there, distinctly traced," and, by an unaccountable impulse, he drew near the spot.

"She died," said Eleanor, in an agitated tone, "during my childhood, yet I well recollect her love; she was fond of this deserted spot, and it was her last request to be laid amidst those who had died in the odour of sanctity.—Look! the light rests on the simple inscription that shows a mother's feelings, even in death—

ELEANOR DAWNAY—
My daughters! love the still and simple paths of life—
So shall your steps be without thorns, and your last rest sweet as mine.

They stood silent for a few moments gazing on the spot. "Is it not strange, Trevanion," she said, "that these words should meet us now! Is it not like a mother's warning? How it scoffs at the thoughts of pride!"

"The words are most impressive," said her com-

panion; "I have never marked the place before. Eleanor, yield not to these sad thoughts—do not thus wildly—"

The agitated girl knelt on the damp sod, and laid her clasped hands on the lonely tomb, wholly overcome by the influence of the scene. "I know not," she said, "but I feel desolate, though you are nigh. Trevanion! know you your own heart?—ask it in this hour—Will it know no change—will its tenderness be as my mother's, even unto death? Oh, when the smiles of royalty are cast on you; when the praises of men, and those of women, far deadlier, are sweet to your ear, do not forget my love!"

He had been more or less than man had he heard this appeal unmoved: the look that she raised to his seemed to command, rather than entreat; but its proud glance was full of the outpourings of a devoted woman's soul: her prostrate form at her parent's tomb, above which rose the grey and time-riven walls of the abbey, that echoed the loud rushing of the blast, and seemed to frown on those who broke, at this hour, on the rest of the dead. He knelt beside her, clasped her hand in both his own, and folding them on his breast, vowed eternal constancy.

Eleanor rose from the earth, and bent gently over the tomb, from which the light had now passed away; her fine features were filled with unusual energy, and the accents of her voice met her lover's ear, even amidst the furious gusts of the wind, that seemed to bear them away like the unearthly sounds of them who slept beneath. "It is enough!" she said, "the thorns cannot pierce me, while he is mine! let the darkest doom of war come, even his bloody shroud will not be terrible to me, and my rest shall be sweet as thine." She then turned to Trevanion, who was wholly overcome by his emotion, and waved her hand for him to depart.

He stood irresolute for an instant; "Adieu, beloved girl!" he said; "delay not a moment here, turn your steps instantly to your home; you will quickly be there. But my home, ere this, it might have been! a home of love, of joy, of all that the soul can revel in. Oh, richly, delicately, would my cup have been filled, even to overflowing, and now it is dashed from my lips." He pressed her once more to his bosom, sprung on his restless steed, one mute and parting gesture of tenderness, and he parted from her side with the speed of an arrow. Eleanor stood and gazed long after his form had disappeared

in the deepening gloom, and listened to the hollow clang of his courser's feet, that came more faintly on the ear; then looked wildly round, and felt the sudden solitude that had fallen on her.

She was roused quickly from this feeling of desolation by the approach of footsteps, and the eager but indistinct tones that seemed to accompany them. It was an hour and a scene whose loneliness rendered the appearance of a stranger suspicious; but all alarm of this kind was dispelled, when the light suddenly flashed from behind the base of the lofty turret, and, dimly seen at first through the gloom, the form of Honor Middlar drew nigh. There was no mistaking it; no bandit's murderous purpose could dwell beneath that goodly air, and snug comfortable figure; nor could the calm and measured step of the wandering pedlar suit with the eager and startled movement that rushed amidst the darkness, over loose stones, and broken fragments of ruins, defying all the terrors of the night. Her left hand held a large lantern, which she projected sometimes to the right or left at the utmost extent of her short arm; now she groped amidst a patch of high rank weeds; next, behind an archway or pillar, in anxious search

of the missing object. Her luxuriant brown hair was strangely disordered by the blast, that seemed to take absolute delight in waving it about in every possible way; sometimes it streamed from beneath her short bonnet, then again fell over her eyes and shoulders with such embarrassing effect, as to oblige her to pause, and adjust, with a short half-muttered imprecation, that the urgency of the moment alone could have at all drawn from her bosom, and which the winds tossed into idle air. Her shoes, and all the lower part of her gown were absolutely draggled in mud, which nothing but some unhappy step into deep waters could have brought there, for not a drop of rain had fallen for the day, and the paths all around were as dry as the mouldering wall. A loud exclamation of uncertain joy and surprise was given the moment she saw the form of her mistress at a short distance: but, instead of advancing directly to her side, Honor made a full stop in the middle of the path, and stepping on a large piece of the fallen wall that lay beside, she held the lantern high above her head; then, by casting the light to a greater distance before her, and stooping forward slightly, directed her keen anxious look on the object

of her search. The full blaze was thus also cast on her own startled and fretted countenance, on which all the anguish of suspense sat enthroned. The scrutiny was quickly over; "And is it you, Miss Eleanor? St. Teath! so it is; and for the life o' me, if you ar'n't like that blessed saint herself, in the crinny o' the wall inside there, that you kneel to sometimes; so still and stiff-like, and so pale too, for that matter. Ah!" with a deep sigh, "this comes of worshippin' im—hem! at this queer time o' night, I mean! When the blessed sun is out and shinin', it don't matter; one may bow down then to—but how awful the wind crules along the ould walls."

"Who sent you, Honor, to this spot, in search of me?" said her mistress; "they surely know very well how familiar it is to me at all times, by night as well as by day."

"Who sent me, my lady? I was'n easy in my own mind, so I said to Huey, I'll clap on my roquelaw, and go and see after my mistress. 'Honor,' says he, 'the blast is comin' down the hill like the waves o' the sea, and there's no standin' agen it:' just at that moment I heard Miss Catherine's voice on the top o' the stairs, in-

quirin' for you, my lady, and where was her sister on this feerce night. So, without any more ado, I took the lantern, and was quickly out o' doors."

"Thank you, Honor, for your pains; but there was no need of this; I was this moment turning my steps homeward: you seem to have wandered about some time, too."

"Ah," said the other, leading the way, and talking at the same time, "you may well say that; never in my life but once afore was I so pixie-ledden.* When I got out o' doors, I reflected in my own mind where you could be gone—down by the waters, and then their roar agen the land came to my ear, and I knew 'twas'n likely, though your ladyship loves them when they're like a merror, that—there's the woods, thinks I, but they're dark and sad. So away I comes, straight to the abbey, sure enough there was no place like that for resortin' to; though I never could see the beauty o' sitch a dreary holdin'."

"You judged right," said her mistress, "for you know very well I have braved more than one storm within the ruined walls."

"Ay, my lady, ay, very true: walls, indeed!

* Fairy-led.

wi' no comfert or coverin': but don't think, though I kenned the way as clear as I did over the moor where my mother iived, that I could keep in it. St. Teath! you know the ould stone-cross, that the weary creatures the monks put upon the bank, that you keep high to the left in comin'; all upon a sudden a thick dark cloud came over the sky, and afore I could look about, I went bang up agen the stone-cross: how I got there! The bonnet that you gave me last Michaelmas was all beat in like the back of a seal with the blow—'twas my favourite one—and what went nearer to my heart, John Tresize admired me in it so; and he ha' got a taste o' his own, though he 's a rough creature—but he 's a keenlie man."

"You step on too fast for me, Honor," said her lady; "I should think the pixies were even now at your heels."

"Hush, for God's sake!" she said, suddenly stopping, and her finger raised in a warning attitude—"Oh, my lady, that you should ha' named the name o' those bein's, that are harkin' to us now, maybe, behind the hedge, and can work us fearful ill afore we get home. That the walls o' the dwellin' were but over our heads, and Huey

and Mally's faces, and cheerful voices, and the sight of the fire and the cracklin'! How *can* your ladyship love to be out o' your warm house in sitch a night? 'Tis the strangest—Hark! did'n your ladyship hear a noise, a kind o' laugh, or tissick, a sort of exultin' sound? Oh, if the bein's are upon us now, there's no escapin'; we shall be leaden into the lake, or the sea, that's roarin' like a lion for his prey—the powers! what a whishful end—and he'll come in the mornin', John Tresize will come, and moan over me, cast upon the shore like a seal, in a premature end; for he ha' got a meltin' heart." And she stooped down in the attitude of intense listening, her clasped hands clenching the lantern with a desperate grasp, that showed the violence of her agitation; and truly it seemed that something like a stifled laugh, an exulting sound, as she termed it, was abroad in the air. When Honor raised her countenance, it was as pale as death; the ruddy hue that formerly revelled there was exchanged for the pallidness of the tomb.

"I ha' done no great ill. I ha' been no great sinner," she said sadly; "but they're comin' after me. Your ladyship knows how I ha' lived a

blameless kind o' life. I ha' gone with Tommy Meers, the miller, at times, to vex John Tresize, and maybe, ha' sworn falsely about it; and for the images, the idle trams o' papistry, that I ha' looked up to, and bowed down to, 'twas all a pretence, to please—Ha! I had forgot; that was a fearful deed," catching hold of her mistress's gown with a sudden grasp, "I never tould your ladyship *that*; it laid heavy upon my mind for some time, and now 'tis come back. Rob Trewen was the keenliest man in the whole moor-side but one. He was in the prime o' youth, and because I would'n give 'en a kinely look or word, or harken to his love, one calm summer's evenin' he cast hisself from St. Dag's Head into the sea, and was heard of no more; but his last words, they said, came floatin' over the wave like dyin' music."

"Honor," said her mistress, "this is worse than childish. The fury of the storm and the increasing darkness have had their effect on your fancy; yet that is a strange passage you were speaking of. I 've heard many tales about the pixies: I would not mock them, or disbelieve in their existence, for that were idle, and might be perilous; but do you not know, that the presence of one good being

breaks every evil spell; look upon me, then, as your guardian. I'm sure what befals one must befal the both of us."

"And that's true, Miss Eleanor: St. Teath! that I should'n ha' thought of that before. If I'd been alone, I should ha' had no hope: afore this time they'd ha' deluded me into the marsh, the great dank that ha' no bottom, where I should ha' been meat for the crewels—'twould have been a cold, bitter doom!—or over the cliff, lashed agen the rocks, and no life nor comeliness left. But come, my lady, the path is wider here, and there's no need o' my goin' afore, and you'll keep your footing better by leanin' upon me. No, no, they 'll ne'er harm a good bein', or any body that's in their company; 'tis like having a guardian saint with one."

"But, Honor," said the young lady, willing to beguile her own unhappy thoughts, as they walked on quickly, "how fared it with you after you quitted the stone-cross? the path that leads here from thence is nearly as straight as an arrow."

"And so it is, and so I thoft to find it; and I held the lantern straight afore my face, at the full length o' my arm. Thinks I, they 'll ha' good luck to misguide me agen. The creatures! They don't

ken the value of a bonnet sitch as they ha' mistreated, with a knot o' green ribbins, and a trimmin' o' the same. 'Tis never safe namin' the bein's—was that your ladyship's hand upon my shoulder? All of a sudden I heard a rushing go by me, as I was goin' very quick down the hill through the furze croft, when I was pitched full into a great prickly bush, wi' my head down and my heels up in the air, but I griped fast to the lantern; for I kenned well if I was left in utter darkness, like that of Egypt of ould, they would ha' kept me so till mornin', and played their wagrams round me. I called in my misery upon John Tresize, though I couldn't help thinkin', if he had come by,—he 's given to gibin', the mallin—he would hardly ha' kenned the form he admired so much, and might ha' stood by, instead o' helpin'. You know what I mean, my lady. If the hosts had been battlin' upon the croft, they needn't ha' had a better banner than my nether garments; for the wind kept them in a continual swaise and rustle, clean off. If I hadn't been held fast by the head in the furze, I might ha' gone clear over the hill in a blast, like they say Tammy Ninnis was, in the last storm; but she meddled wi' forbidden things."

"And how did you get out, Honor, of this strange situation?"

"I struggled, my lady, and hard too, for life is sweet, and I called to mind a few words o' Scripture from the —— hem! the book your ladyship don't read, to my thinkin'; and what wi' strugglin' I got out partly, and then more than once pitched down again, like a divin' badger, being so full made in the upper part of my body, as John says, like Miss Catharine.—At last, forth I came, and 'twas sweet to feel my feet upon the green grass again, and straight I came on to the ruin; but the silk gown your ladyship gave me is as parfict a ruin as the ould cathedral. 'Twas faded a little, to be sure, afore; but when I ha' gone by St. German's village, old and young ha' peered through the windows after me, thinkin' 'twas your figure moving along, the curious scavellins! But now the yallow stripe and the blue border is all tore to quevers: the dabs o' yallow, too precious by far for sitch wastin', are hangin' to the furze like the blossoms o' the bush, for the birds to pick at; and the piece o' linsey, that I put on myself to presarve the silk, is all dragging after me, as you may see; and more than once, when it catched in the stones,

in my running so hard, I thoft it was the twitch of a pixie, and then I rinned the faster."

"It has been a night of misfortune to you, in truth," replied her mistress, "and as it was endured on my behalf, I am bound to make up your losses; and likewise, out of gratitude for the intrepidity you have shown, for you are not fond of wandering by night, Honor, I know.—But here is the stream, you see, that runs at the foot of the lawn; the perils of the way are now all o'erpast."

"And that's true," with a nimble bound, that landed her at once from the middle of the narrow bridge to a firm footing on the opposite bank—"and that's true. You ken well, my lady, the creatures never love to follow over water; no, no, there they are, I'll be bound, sniffin' the wind, rampin' among the high grass, and moanin' to one another that their prey is escaped. How still the air is here, and the wild flowers smell so sweet in the heavy dew; the stream, too, plains by with sitch a soothing sound! But who do your ladyship think ha' taken to the wars?—who but he!"

"I cannot tell, Honor; I am sick of the wars: better by far that those who are gone to them were in their own tranquil homes."

"So I said to 'en, and strove with all the powers o' language to turn the bent of his mind from sitch a bitter path. I painted to 'en all the cryin' evils that would come to pass, as sure as ever he went from his own home into the strife; the judgments too that would fall upon his own head;—you, says I, that ha' lived so far a quiet, kindly, pains-taking man, to go and hew to pieces your fellow creatures."

"But who is this," said the lady, "of whom you speak, who seems to have interested you so deeply?"

"Who!" said Honor, with a sudden shrillness of tone, "that your ladyship should ask such a question; who should it be but John Tresize?—a man of peace hitherto, though as to make, in the shoulders and the girth, and about the legs, he might ha' passed for one o' David's worthies. He never said a word about his fixed purpose, and I thought I had prevailed, for I always had power over 'en: but yesterday mornin' early, I saw through the eastern window, comin' up the lonely green lane, a majestic bein', in compleat armour, movin' along like Sir Bevill or the Curnel, his raven hair hangin' down upon his cuirass, that

gleamed in the sun like a merror; so I scantled away to the door, to have a nearer view; then he stood still, and takin' off his vizor, I looked up earnest at 'en, and saw who 'twas—but such a changed creature! 'Twas a movin' time, my lady! you ha' read o' the partin' o' true lovers."

"I have ere now, Honor, I cannot deny; I would it had ever been kept from me."

"I stood just inside the door-way, in the shadow o' the porch, and he, like a fierce warrior, stood in the sun, with a look, that if I had'n known he had no evil in his nature, I should'n ha' filt at ease to be alone. John, says I, ar'n't you ashamed to turn out a false-hearted man so?—though while my heart was full o' bitterness, I could'n take my eyes off 'en, the creature was so takin' in his armour:—if you had known, says I, what true love was, you would never ha' gone away from the object of it, to take hand in these fierce wars, that ha' no endin'. What makes your ladyship sigh so deeply? you 're foreworn with this wild night, or may be you are ill?"

"Not at all," was the reply, "but this walk has fatigued me, and I 've not been without my fears, any more than yourself: and what was the

end of this meeting, or rather parting, that you speak of?"

"'I'm goin', says he, 'Honor, to fight for the King; and more than that, to seek for glory: there's Trenwith, that went away t'other day, is come home a sargeant, and all the village is talkin' how he demeaned himself at Stratton, and all the girls are settin' their caps, and throwin' out their lures for 'en.' With that, I gave 'en a look that went through his cuirass and vizor just like the point of a rapier. Girls! says I; and ha' you put on your armour, and tided yourself in this seducin' manner, to hold this language to me? you villain, what ha' you to do with girls—the idle, waylin', rampin', wastin' trams o' the village, that take away a man's substance in this world, and his soul and body in the next? You had better have a pike through your body than have to do with them.—Glory, too! 'tis well enough for the cournel to talk o' that; but John, says I, in a solemn tone, I like a man of his inches, goodly put together, with his head so in the air; if you come back without a limb, an arm gone, or a leg, or haltin', you may be an officer, but I'll never set eye on

you again; ye'll ne'er ha' the light o' my countenance, that can't help detestin' a maimed creature."

"But was that right, Honor?" said Eleanor, "was it well to tell your lover so at the moment of his parting? it was no mark of your own true attachment."

"I thought I had spoken harshly, my lady; the more, when I saw my words had gone to his heart, for he trembled afore me. 'Tis an awful thing to see a strong man tremble, and an armed man too; and his armour shook like the ould oak in the wind, when he thought o' being desarted by me. And I quivered too at the picture o' my own mind; of one of his legs being carried away—that are the handsomest ones in the parish; you must ha' noted them in church. What a queer figure he would be! So my heart melted within me: he turned his dark eyes, shinin' like sloes, with a upbraidin' look upon me, as I stood in the shadow o' the porch: he stretched out his hand in a majestic manner. 'Honor,' says he, 'we part to meet no more!' But, Miss Eleanor, you sigh deeply again; lean heavier upon me; all surely isn't well—but there are the lights o' the hall close by."

"We shall quickly be there," the latter answered, "and this fatigue will soon pass away; and you must finish this interview rapidly also, for in a few moments we shall be at the door."

"I could'n bear it, my lady, I could'n bear these words; so I took out the silk handkecher you gave me for a castaway, and after wipin' my eyes, as I leaned agen the old carved door, I gave it to 'en to keep in life or death, and he catched at it eagerly, and put it into his bosom, inside his cuirass, next to his heart, without sayin' a word. And then draws out his sword, that gleemed in the sun so bright as to make me slink back for fear; he took one of the raven locks droopin' upon his shoulder, and cuttin' it off, gave it into my hand, with a deep sigh. 'Honor,' says he, 'keep that;—shou'd my tarm o' life be cut like the flower o' the field, and I be stretched out upon the clammy grass for a shroud, instead of our nuptial bed to lie in ——:' he could'n go on: I never heard 'en so movin' afore."

"And you have kept that gift, I hope," said her mistress, "and will do so to your dying day?"

"Ah! my lady, that's the sorest thing of all. Ah, the weary ruin! that every monk's brains that

had a hand in it had been knocked out agen the wall! The lock o' hair, o' raven hair, that I would ha' kept in my bosom, even after death, and washed wi' my tears—when I laid in the furze bush, with my head grubbin' in the dewy grass, and my other part up towards the sky, one of the pixies twicked the precious lock out o' my bosom; they are greedy after love-tokens, the wretched bein's—it must ha been so—it could'n ha' been lost otherwise. To think of his lyin', maybe, upon the bloody ground, and his comrades weepin' over him; sitch a comelie body too, forsook with life and beauty; and the only remembrance left to me of 'en in this wilderness of life, snatched untimely out o' my bosom,—and no memoreyal. If I had but the picture of 'en, my lady, like that young saint in your room, Sebastian, dying like a martyr, so movin':"—and here the violence of Honor's feelings found vent only in broken accents and sobs, as they arrived at the hall door.

CHAPTER II.

"The groan of grief, the cries of pain,
Ring from the moon-light groves of cane:
Such to his troubled soul their form,
As the pale death ship to the storm:
And such their omen, dim and dread,
As shrieks and voices of the dead."—Scott.

The shore was wild and solitary that spread beyond the heath of Stratton; the cliffs were less high and difficult of access than those which met the eye in the distance, and which rose precipitously out of the waves. Here the beach of fine sand sloped gently into the water, and was backed by low rocks, amidst whose crevices a few wild goats were seen browsing the miserable verdure. The stranger's foot would probably have chosen

the sterner promontories that towered on the right and left, and offered the sublimest scenes; but when the mind is the prey of violent emotions, it cares little how nature looks or smiles around; at least such was the feeling of a lonely man, who walked to and fro on the shore, wrapped, apparently, in his own meditations. They could not be of the most peaceful character, if judged of by the stern and collected eye, bent moodily on the naked sand, the measured slow step that frequently paused, and was then resumed again, and the hands that hung idly at one moment at his side, and were suddenly clenched and folded on his bosom with violent emotion. He stopped, at last, as if fatigued with the exertion of walking, and gazed vacantly on the waste of waters that rolled darkly before him on the shore. Nicholas, for such his handsome but anguish stricken features proved him to be, retained all the pallidness of recent disease: he was but lately risen from his bed of sickness, and had come forth to breathe the pure and fresh air of the sea.

"Would that it was still my element," he muttered: "what had I to do with these cursed

wars? Speedily would I be borne on that blue wave again, but that I should carry forth in my soul what would make every place bitter."

The scene around was in some measure in unison with his gloomy feelings. The clouds gathered fast over the deep, whose threatning murmurs grew every moment louder, and the advancing tide swept rapidly near to the base of the rock. He was at last startled by the approach of footsteps along the hard sand, and quickly after, from behind a point of the cliff, another form was seen carelessly advancing. No coroding care could be traced in the calm features of the stranger, that were strikingly in contrast with those of the invalid, and gave an assurance of a spirit with which fate had dealt kindly. Suddenly raising his head, and seeing Nicholas, he instantly approached him.

"Once more we meet," he said: "I was on my way to find out your lonely abode, and had no thought of seeing you abroad and in this place, so well recovered from your wounds."

"It is long, Mr. Carries, since I have seen you," said the other; "thanks for your kind in-

tentions, however; but I am now recovered, as you see."

"You have suffered greatly," said the former, looking earnestly at him: "your countenance is not frank and careless as when I once knew you: it tells a tale of suffering, of the mind as well as the body; the hand of disease has in truth pressed heavily on you."

"Many things have passed over me since then," he answered; "things that change the spirit as well as the bearing of a man. When I last saw you, it was in my father's cottage, near St. Just, at the foot of the hill. I was another man then,—I had not tempted danger and death in search of gold."

"And you returned thus changed, Nicholas, from your wild adventures: I have often heard them talked of, and men envy you the spoil you have gained. But they have left you a lawless and passion-tossed being. It is a career you can never forget; it is traced in dark and indelible characters in your aspect."

"Carries," said his companion, "this is a liberty of speech I am not used to; but I know

you. I cannot forget the hours we have passed together, when you have come at eve to our dwelling, and I have heard you tell of your wanderings. It was you that first incited me to the enterprise I embarked in—a gallant enterprise! ay, though it has steeped my hand and soul in deeds I shudder now to remember."

"I incited you," said the other, in deep surprise, "to that wild career! what mean you? I dreamed not of it."

"That may be," replied Nicholas calmly; "but you first sowed the seeds of adventure in my mind: I have hung for hours upon your tales, and never marked how the night went. When I watched your eye kindle, and your spirit glow with enthusiasm, mine caught the infection; every word you spoke came over me like a spell. The strange scenes you described followed me to the field and the hill, and came before me in my dreams; and I had already resolved to leave my home and seek a more stirring career, when Phippen's enterprise offered."

"And was it thus in truth?" said Carries thoughtfully; "yet your career was a far different one from mine."

"It was," said Nicholas, with a smile of contempt: "you chose the romantic, as you called it, dreamy enterprise of traversing barren and faded lands, and well did you achieve it. Yet, I should scorn your calmness and gentleness of spirit, was it not for some flashes of bravery and devotedness which I could not enough admire. Nature gave me a strong hand and an iron heart, that demanded more busy and daring scenes. I sought and found them! but, in this cursed war, stern blows and angry passions are all the meed:—by St. Petroc, I'll fight no more!"

"Better had you never fought," said the other; "had you not earned enough to insure independence for your life? but the thirst for violent deeds came back again."

"Say not so; you know not what drove me to the field," said Nicholas, sternly, while a deep flush passed over his pallid features:—"it is past; and well for you that it is so, or we had not met here on these terms. When I say that it was you who caused me to take arms, it is to you I owe these wounds," and he bared his bosom, where the deep scars of the lance were fearfully visible; "thank me, Carries, for my forbearance; had it been another man, his

blood should now purple the sand at my feet," and he leaned back on the rock, violently agitated; one hand grasped mechanically to the rich dagger, half-hid beneath his vest, and muttering between his teeth, "he knows not what I mean—he crossed me in my love; but I cannot harm him, and 'tis past now!"

The latter looked at him as if he deemed his intellects were disordered by illness, then advanced and clasped his hand earnestly in his own. "If I injured you, Nicholas," he said, "forgive me; I have ever admired your brave and generous nature. But there is a conflict within that breast, there is a deadly strife that bears down your better nature."

Nicholas returned the pressure of his friend's hand, then cast it from him with a sudden emotion of anger. "Ask me not now," he said; "probe not the spirit with which you cannot sympathise: feelings such as mine have little to do with a course like yours."

"What agitates you thus?" replied the latter, "does any disaster or dishonour sit heavy on your mind?"

"Ah! there you've said it," he replied, with

a knit brow and flashing eye—" sits heavy! Do you see that wave rolling broken on the shore—'tis the image of what I have felt night and day for many a week past—the baffled thirst—the fevered recollection—the burning desire!—and still they are here within me! I hear their voices, but I cannot lull them to sleep. I feel their torment, but I cannot assuage it!"

"The war within," said Carries, "must be dreadful that can thus agitate you; your thoughts have been fevered, I fear, by your sufferings and long confinement."

"Fool!" replied the other, "trifle not with me thus: think you that a little bodily agony can thus move the soul? Did you never receive a deep, rending injury? did words of scorn on what you prized most on earth never meet your ear, and the back turned contemptuously on you as on a thing of no account—and this by the foremost man in the land, whose opinion is a law?—Have I returned to my native land for this!—better I had died, Peru! in thy dungeoned mines, a pining slave—and the rod of the oppressor had entered into my soul—not that of the insulter! Lord of Stowe! thou shalt dearly abide it."

"Ha!" said his companion indignantly, "the dark secret is then told. Nicholas, you are lost, utterly lost to the frank and generous feelings you once possessed—you have risen from the bed of sickness, and walk the earth again, like the blood-hound thirsting for his prey."

"On the head of him who injured me let the curse fall," he replied gloomily: "dream not of turning me from my purpose; you would not rob me of my revenge; Carries, you would not do me such an injury—you dare not do it!"

"Ill-fated man," said his companion, "I have known you in happier moments. Do you remember when we have sat beside the hearth, or have walked together on the wild precipices round your home—and your light laugh, joyous look, and open hearted words?---I remember them well. Break the spell that is cast around you---and be the being you once was. You said too, that you would fight no more; you cannot mean—"

"Said I so! said I that I would fight no more?" rejoined Nicholas; "then I spoke falsely. *Cannot mean!* what would that soft voice say!" gazing fixedly at his companion—"yes, I remember when

my looks were as cloudless as yours and my words as calm. I was not then the first of Phippen's men; the Spaniard crouched not at my lifted hand, or kneeled for mercy. And what does this hand idly here?" he said, pausing, and looking with anguish at his enfeebled limbs. "You shall be clothed again in armour, and nerved afresh, for the sound of battle is in the air: a few days more, and the trumpet call shall wake me—then—then, proud oppressor, all I ask is to meet thee, and to steep my blade to the hilt in thy blood! This dagger," turning aside his vest, "was close to his heart, and thirsted—in my thoughts, I clasp it often to my breast; it is dear to my hand. Look! its handle is gemmed with stones; is it not a rare and beautiful weapon? It will be still dearer to me when it shall drink of his life."

"That it never shall," said Carries, rushing on his companion, and plucking the weapon from its sheath: the struggle was short and determined, but the weakened frame and faded strength of the invalid soon yielded, and the former lifting the dagger in the air, hurled it with all his force into the waves; it fell near the foot of the jutting

rock; he then pointed to the spot with an exulting smile, 'tis buried deep, Nicholas, where the hand never clasp it

The latter looked on his assailant with fury in his glance, at the loss, and at being thus left powerless to make any return: but by degrees the fiery colour that had flushed his cheek from the struggle faded again into deadly paleness: he shook his head bitterly, and gazed on the rippling wave where his weapon had sunk. "It had served me well, and cost me largely," he said; "it was my companion in many a strife. Carries, you have not used me well; 'twas an unkind and unfriendly deed: but leave me now; your path lies far apart from mine—farewell!"

"I will go with you to your lonely home, Nicholas, if you will allow me; your thoughts are too wildly chafed to make solitude a safe or welcome companion; and you are still weak,—let me go with you over the heath; we will talk of the hours in your native roof, that you still love, that will draw your spirit from this bent; and for the weapon, on my life, I could not help the deed."

"When we meet again it shall be so," replied the other, "but not now. I would remain on this

shore a while; the keen air braces my frame;" and he turned abruptly round a point of the rock, and quickly disappeared.

Carries stood a few moments gazing wistfully after his parted companion, and then slowly pursued his way along the shore, till it terminated in lofty and inaccessible precipices: ascending to the level heath, he turned more than once to look back to the long sandy beach, on which no one was now visible. The recent interview deeply impressed him with the wild and altered feelings of the man whom he had known in happier hours; and more than once he resolved to return and renew his efforts to dissuade him from tempting his fate again in the field, to which deadly rancour, and no loyal feeling, drew him. He had seen enough of man to be aware that there are feelings "that many floods cannot drown;—a wrath more cruel than the grave." He had known when the Turk, in the fury of his purpose, had consigned the beauty he doated on to a ruthless doom; and the Arab had wandered restlessly for years over his native wilds in search of revenge against a rival tribe, with a hate as endless and burning as the sands at his feet. In Nicholas he

only saw a singular and desperate instance of a similar kind.

The heath was open and extensive over which he was passing; broken here and there into small hollows, on the scanty verdure of whose bosom a few sheep were feeding: the scene was waste and silent; he sat down on a bank, and gazed on the lofty hill that rose full and abruptly before him, on which the conflict had so recently been fought. On that fatal declivity had fallen many personally known to him; and he could not help recalling the conversation in his prison between Trevanion and himself. They had talked of the excellence of fame with kindling feelings: the former had found it on the haughty steep before him; and Nicholas had earned it still more daringly and justly than he: and for himself, the lonely shore and hill had been his paths; and the cottage, the ruin, or the hostel, had spread no roofs of pride above his head. Yet was that head and heart the seat of lovelier visions and more glowing realities, at least so he deemed, than those of his two friends, the one torn with devouring passion, the other borne on the wings of ambition too high for the path of happy love. Then

rose the image of his beautiful Catherine before him, in all the splendour of her attractions—what were the waving banner and the trumpet's wail to such a hope as this?

A deep glow was on his animated features as he rose from the bank and pursued his way; for the restless wanderer had tried almost every fountain of human pleasure, and knew full well that the most lasting and delicious was now poured into his bosom. His late companion continued long on the solitary beach. Who has not felt a high and restless pleasure to be on the brink of a wild sea, encompassed by wilder shores? The calm and hushed evening cannot compare with that, when the waves rise on their dark barriers, and their whole strength seems to be put forth in wantonness. The spray of the tide now dashed over the spot where Nicholas still remained; the overreaching rocks on each side screened him in part from the gathering storm, and a narrow path in the face of the cliff offered at any moment a safe conveyance to the heath above. The sea blasts, wild as they were, came like balm to his shattered frame: the bed of sickness, the tremblings, as of an infant, the feverish visions of the

night, and the weary hours of waking, were no longer around him. The present sights and sounds came back, like things long estranged, at the very moment when his soul looked forth for something without to sympathise with its dark struggles. His arm resting on the rock, and supporting his wearied head, the brave, yet baffled adventurer continued hour after hour to gaze, without ceasing, on the scene around. Was it the past or the future that was spread most clear and welcome before him? When the heart revels in one all quenching feeling, each hope, each desire and imagination becomes its eager and willing slave; and nothing in his past exciting career could vie in interest, in triumph, with the moments which Time was hurrying, but all too slowly, on his wings. Memory, too, played the fiend, instead of the seraph, to his tortured spirit on this occasion: she dwelt on no act of mercy and kindness that he had often done; brought back no gracious and lovely feeling; but cleaved intensely to each dark passage, each fiery deed of his career in that far and lawless land. All warm and glowing they rose, in this solitary hour—the slaughtered Spaniard, the town given to the

flames, the female shrinking from the lifted steel: they lived again fearfully distinct, and, to his changing countenance, came the dark design, the spoiler's fury, the look that refused to spare. More than once he started and looked around, as if in each loud and angry swell of the tempest came the long lost voices from afar. The increasing violence of the weather warned him at last that it was time to leave this spot and seek his home again, and he slowly ascended the winding path in the cliff. His step was more light as he returned over the heath; for his purpose was matured, whether for weal or woe he would not inquire of his own heart. He now drew near his quiet abode; there stood the cottage, with its neat whitewashed walls and thatched roof, that marked it from the thinly scattered hovels of mean appearance: the smoke rose from the roof, and was driven in thin wreaths over the heath; the plane-tree stood beside, like the palm before the tent door in a sultry plain. All was hushed in the interior, as on the heath without. He looked round wistfully, for his gentle and endeared attendant had gone to her home, now that his sufferings were past: he sat down in a chair

beside the hearth, and could not but feel how dear would have been her society, how welcome her words at this moment. His mind felt exhausted with its own dark exercise, as well as the solitude in which he had passed the greater part of the day. A woman of the neighbouring village, coarse and vulgar in her appearance, and heartless in her attentions, was the only inmate, beside himself, of the cottage. He rose from his seat and ascended to the chamber where he had lingered between life and death. The hand of Elizabeth was visible every where: there were the flowers, the last she had gathered, still in the window-seat: he persisted in retaining them there night and day, though their hues had faded, and their odours changed into bitterness. There, too, but more conspicuously placed, was the book from which she had been reading at their last interview: the book that breathed in every page peace in this world, and glory in that which was to come. He took it up, and clasped it earnestly to his breast. Was it because that breast relented, or that the hand that had held it, the voice, the eye that had fondly dwelt on its contents, had rendered it to him as a loved and parting gift? The tears, too,

that fell fast down his wasted cheeks.—Oh! had they been tears of penitence, in that hour the dark veil had been torn for ever from his heart, and the desperate, but not heartless man, had wakened to a career of honour, happiness, and the love on which no night cometh.

CHAPTER III.

"But Cadyow's towers, in ruins laid,
And vaults, by ivy mantled o'er,
Thrill to the music of the shade,
Or echo ocean's hoarser roar."—SCOTT.

THE ruined hold of the Black Douglas, or the shattered walls of the home of Ronald of the Isles, do not merit to be held in greater veneration than the proud remains of the Castle of Tintayel, where Arthur, the Prince of Cornwall, once held his court. Romantic tale and traditionary lore delight in sounding the praises and renowned qualities of the Knights of the Round Table; but the veil of oblivion seems to have fallen heavily on the birth-place of the Monarch, and the place where gallant tournays were fought, and many a lovely lady smiled. Still does Tintayel

Castle brave all the ravages of time: the Prince and the whole bevy of his chiefs rest peacefully with their fathers; the waters of the Northern Ocean have come in a thousand storms to cast down tower and battlement, but they seem doomed to last as long as the fame of their illustrious inmate. Probably the virtue of the spell of Merlin, the old British prophet, who used to visit here in the time of King Gothlois, still hangs over the halls, buttresses, and courts of the building; and thus opposed to magic art, Time sharpens his scythe in vain. Norden, who surveyed the place with a most inquisitive eye, says: "It was sometime a statelye impregnable seate, now rent and ragged by force of tempestes: her ruins testify her pristine worth: nature hath fortified, and art dyd once beautifie it in such sort, as it leaveth unto this age, wonder and imitation." The whole covered a large space of ground, and stood partly on the main, and partly on what is called "The Island," the sea having worn a cavern quite across the promontory. The only passage now to the island is by way of a narrow path, which is carried over most hideous cliffs on the western side; and these are so truly terrific and dangerous.

that few will venture over, as the least slip of the foot sends the passenger at once into the sea. The following lines were written by one Joseph, a priest of the cathedral church of Exeter, who accompanied Richard the First in his crusade to the Holy Land :—

"From this bleste place immortal Arthur sprung,
Whose wondrous deedes shall be for ever sung,
Sweete musicke to the ear, sweete honie to the tongue.
The onlie prince that bears this strange applause,
Greatest that e'er shall be, and beste that ever was."

To this venerable place was seen slowly advancing a solitary man: it could not be the shepherd of the few sheep that browsed on the three acres and half of land that the island contained; nor could it be a devotee going to visit the hermit's grave cut in the deep cavern beneath. It was an armed man, of warlike air and deportment, who gazed on the ruin to which he was drawing nigh, with the kind of look that a pilgrim fixes on the distant dome of the sanctuary towards which he is struggling on. It was Arthur Trenlyon himself, who had deviated from his homeward route in order to pay a visit to the place he loved. He had

passed over the bleak and exposed waste, and was now entering on the narrow path that wound round the cliffs, and then led by the dangerous passage to the island. A drawbridge had formerly been flung across the gulf, but had long since been numbered with the things that were not. With a firm and haughty step Trenlyon trod the perilous track, and when about midway paused to look around him. The sea whirled on the rocks far beneath; behind him were the shattered walls, pierced with loop-holes; and, castellated in front, were the more considerable ruins of the hall, the dungeon or keep, and the chapel of St. Uliane. He leaned heavily on his pike, and thus—the ocean rolling on each side and beneath the stern ruins, with the eternal rocks for their foundation, and the little strip of land that trembled beneath his feet, the only thing between him and eternity, —the scenes of past glory came back on his mind. It is astonishing what a revolution a few days often make in a man's mind: in his former visits, Trenlyon had creeped cautiously over this bridge of nature, and with an admiring but subdued look had gazed around on the places of the ancient grandeur of his race, where the knights of

mighty name had their habitation. Now there was a stern pride in his glance, a daring kind of fellowship, as if there was no longer the same interminable distance between those barons bold, and fierce paladins, and this, the last of their successors. It might well be so: he was not long from the field of blood and fame;—ay, he had not shrunk from the shock of fight, the clash of a thousand weapons: not one of the stalwart buttresses that hung on the verge of the cliff, had laughed at the strife of the elements more surely and doggedly, than he had held his way amidst pikemen, bowmen, and volleys of cannon and musketry. Besides, there was the indelible stain of an enemy's blood on the point of his weapon: once he raised his head, the sun glittered fiercely on it, and a smile of deep internal satisfaction spread itself over the whole of his once ruddy and now pallid countenance. There had been the night bivouac in the open air; he had risen drenched to the very bone by torrents of rain, that seemed to have singled him out like Gideon's fleece: the round chin was now pointed and attenuated; but in the keen eye flashed the soldier's fire, and it was evident, if the outward frame had suffered, the soul

had been purified and ennobled by the fiery ordeal through which he had passed. How much longer he would have continued thus entranced in thought it is difficult to say; but a large sea-bird, perched on a rock close by, unused to see mortal man in such a position on that bridge of fear, gave such a sullen and startling shriek as wholly broke on the musings of Trenlyon's mind, and caused him to start aside so suddenly, that he only escaped falling headlong into the wave below, by clinging desperately to the edge of the descent.

With a more cautious and chastened step he then crossed into the island, and entered the ruins of the ancient hall: it was an impressive scene. Through the hollow windows and door-ways was seen the tumbling wave beneath, and the cliffs in various fantastic shapes towered far above the shattered walls. On the floor were some sculptured moorstones, with inscriptions; but so defaced, that it was difficult to make any thing of them: to an antiquary's eye, they would no doubt have been irresistibly precious. But there is a wide difference between the intense yet doubtful research and floating emotions of an antiquary, and the deep, well-founded, overpowering flow of feeling of a descendant quite

at ease and determined about the clearness of his rights. So Trenlyon felt, as he sat down on an ancient stone seat, overgrown with moss, in a kind of recess in the wall: this had always been his favourite seat; for tradition had persisted in asserting that here sat Arthur's royal form, when the banquet was spread out in the spacious hall, and the vast array of knights was ranged on each side: his beauteous sister Ayma, it was conjectured, had occupied another seat, lower and narrower, near her brother's. The latest successor of the prince could not help feeling the influence of his situation; he cast a wild glance around, raised himself to his utmost height in the mossy chair, while the compressed lip showed that this was no light or frothy moment of his life. No silken couch of Persia or of Ind—no rich and soft ottoman was ever more welcome, than this rocky resting-place to the wearied, hungry, and foreworn Trenlyon: he folded his arms, and half closing his eyes, resigned himself wholly to the blissful and illustrious visions that swarmed on his soul. Again came the forms of his gallant ancestors before him: he heard the clang of their heavy swords on the stone

pavement, and the rushing of their steeds up the rocky steep: the rustling of soft garments also came on his ear, and they entered. O war! thy ruthless horrors are as dust in the balance, when weighed with the smile, the witchery of beauty; and as the forms of Igerna and Ayma dimly drew nigh, the entranced man was subdued; and, melted as an infant, he clasped his hands, and his softened eye fell lingering and imploringly on the lovely vision. The shade of the faithless Igerna bent over him: her dark and rich glance was there—her loosely attired form; and Ayma stood beside, and smiled with her virgin smile. These vivid fantasies were partly the effect of his firm belief in the tale told by Geoffry of Monmouth—that Arthur, dreadfully wounded, was borne from the battle of Camlen, in Cornwall, by an Elfin princess, Morgan le Fay, to the vale of Avalon, where he reigns in great splendour, only waiting for the day that shall restore him to the throne.

Pity that the delighted man ever awoke again to the dull, weary, unromantic realities of life: but they passed, those lovely forms passed away, and their white grrments and fragrant tresses seemed

to mingle with the sea-foam beneath. Suddenly a heavy footstep was heard approaching, and a tall and prodigious knight entered the hall: he was conspicuous for his gilded spurs and vizor, and by the device on his shield, a huge tree, whose branches seemed to cover the whole face of the earth, indicative of the vast progeny and large possessions of his race. It was Roger Trenlyon, a cruel paladin, who used to slay five or six Picts before breakfast. He raised his vizor, and Arthur beheld his own identical features beneath: he had often been struck with the resemblance, for he had an old painting of this paladin at home: there was a fierce menace, however, in his eye, and as his retreating steps echoed on the rocks without, the words came back, borne on the sea breeze, "the last of the line, the last of the line!" The insult went to his soul, and he sprung from his mossy seat with a bound that broke for ever the delicious reveries that had come on him, and which he found, to his deep regret, no after-visit could ever renew. "So much," he afterwards said with a deep sigh, "depended on coming fresh from the tented field." Greatly disturbed, he walked to and fro in the long hall, turning at times towards the

hollow windows, through which the blue wave was seen stretching endlessly away to the north, and giving the idea of eternity to the reflecting mind. This idea seemed to strike the quickened thoughts of Trenlyon, for he paused and drew nigh the ancient tombs, and gently thrust his lance into the mossy covering of one or other of them, with a sorrowing and sympathising look, muttering in a subdued tone: "Duke Gothlois, the winds are rife around thy bones, and the sea birds sing thy dirge—and thou, Damehock, slain in the castle of St. Udye;—zounds! the rabbits have been burrowing in his resting place; this comes o' my being away in the wars. Poor, yet noble paladins, no eye sorrows over your departed glories but mine! and whose else should," he said with sudden energy, striking his tall pike with a loud clang on the pavement, "whose else should?—and I shall sleep beside them, my ashes shall mingle with Roger Trenlyon's, who seldom breakfasted till five or six Picts had breathed their last,—but no! Ayma, I will rest beside thy virgin dust; unwedded thou didst yield thy beauties to the king of terrors; and so also—here she's laid, not far from her brother's great stone chair;" and laying down his

weapon, he crept on his hands and knees along a narrow ledge of the rock, to where a small sepulchral mound stood apart, and pored intently on the few fragments of letters still visible. This could not last; strong as he was by nature, these deep emotions began to unnerve the strong frame: he rose from the spot, repassed lingeringly the long hall, crossed the narrow passage from the isle, and entered again on the waste.

Had he been a keen observer of the human heart, which his secluded way of life had not rendered him, Trenlyon would have known that a sweeter triumph awaited him in his native village than amidst the resting place of his ancestors. The sun was going down slowly as the village of Kilkhampton rose to his longing eye; first was the gray tower, then the two old trees in the single street; then his practised glance discerned the smoke curling into the pure air from the chimney of the Ivy Bush. He could hardly have told why, perhaps, but wearied as he was, and unnerved in feeling, his step unconsciously grew quicker at the sight. As he entered the single long street, he found that his presence was instantly noticed; the

old women raised their heads from their knitting, and peered over the door-way with a shrewd welcome mantling their wrinkled faces.

"Squire Trenlyon, is that you come alive home, ater all the slaughter?—Ereire! the man houlds his own: and where ha' ye left the rebbels?"

By degrees the younger women put their ruddy faces out of the windows, and even ran out of the doors with a beautiful and flattering disorder on their faces.

"A kinelie welcome, Mr. Arthur; ye ha' bore yourself soldier-like. Look how upright he houlds his long pike, and there 's a glow and a fierceness in his look he never had afore!"

But the most exciting moment was, when he passed the loved and well-known inn. He looked doubtingly towards the window, and there beheld the keen, caustic, penetrating aspect of the landlady, and behind her, gazing curiously over her mother's shoulder, was the fair and meek Elizabeth. Now the mother had always been wont, in her hours of converse, to sneer and sniggle at Trenlyon's high descent, and tales of the feats of his ancestors, with a sweeping conclusion that if it

was all so, he was a fallen and degenerate man. His earnest glance rested on the open casement of the window. It was the first time applause, and even something like admiration towards him, had ever appeared on the hard stern features that were now projected there, and the long bony hand beckoned him to come. It certainly somewhat resembled the tyrant Despair looking out from his strong hold on the weary, doubting pilgrim in Bunyan's Progress; yet to the wearied soldier, this solitary gesture had irresistible allurements; and so had the loud accents that reached his ear.

"Squire Arthur, now do I believe ye to be a keene (relative) of the king of the same name. Ye ha' done well at Stratton. Some ha' said 'twas you fended off the mortal blow from Sir Beville, and cleaved the villin's armour like a badger's skin. Betsy, look at en; he ha' got a warrior's look, and bearing a bloody pike too. The tap ye like the best is fresh runnin', Mr. Arthur; won't ye step in, lookin' so foreworn as ye are. The blessin'! his cheeks are fallen away so—war is a wastin' thing!"

Trenlyon paused not—tarried not. Yet his

heart rose like a swift witness against his further progress: he thought of the tempting hearth, the beloved settle, and the fair daughter filling his pottle with her own hand, and cheering his anxious thoughts with the sounds of her voice; and what sounds had earth so sweet? Ayma, the cold, yet beautiful princess Ayma, floated like a dim shadow away from his remembrance; and he felt the keen, exquisite difference between the glowing reality, and what at best was neither tangible nor felt. The old men, who came half familiarly nigh, were waved to the right or left with an impressive gesture, as he firmly held on his way to the mansion of his ancestors. It stood there, quiet and dignified as when he left it, fronting the church-yard, with the three stone steps leading up to the door, and the neat low rail that distinguished it also from every other dwelling. He came to the door, and lifted the latch: to his surprise, no one came to receive him, no voice bade the returned soldier welcome to the place of his fathers. How was this? where was Damsen, his sister, whose ear could discern his faintest footstep, and who, he could not but suppose, would have met him with smiling looks

and uplifted voice? All was hushed and silent as the grave, save that at intervals low muttering voices came from the small parlour on the left. At his own dwelling to be received with coldness and neglect, when he merited a far different meed! He thrust open the door of the small parlour suddenly, entered it a few steps, and then stood as still and hushed as the princess Ayma in her virgin grave. Seated with his sister at the same table, his arm-chair beside the same fire, his whole air and attitude those of a man perfectly at home, was Trethewan of Trebarva Hall, a man he never could abide or hear mentioned.

As it has been stated before, this man was a sort of feudal rival, a very thorn in his path. He had also cast an eye on his sister; he had in fact been her early love, and even now she remembered with impassioned tenderness the time when he made her an offer. His voice, his blue eye—

Arthur had sternly stood in the way. He knew the man to be one who griped at each fair holding to the right and left, and thirsted for Damsen's heritage. Moreover, he had the presumption to talk of his own descent as fully equal

to Trenlyon's. Even in the last conversation he had had with his sister he had warned her not to think of him. A vivid and intense alarm spread itself instantly over the features of the two lovers. Tomasina started from her chair, and clasped her hands together in all the impotence of detected guilt.

"O brother, to think of your coming back from the wars so sudden like, and so well too, blessing for it! not a wound upon your body, as I'm a living woman, and all your precious limbs, too, about ye!"

Trethewan was speechless. He bore his tall, spare figure erect in the chair, fastening each hand with a strong hold on the arms thereof, and met the ferocious look of his host, as the cowering fox meets the guardian mastiff of the fold.

Trenlyon looked at him long and fixedly, then at his quivering sister, whose ejaculations increased in fervour and plaintiveness: the flagons too, of his best hollands and wine were on the table, and his frame shook with strong emotion; once, and once only he griped his lance hard,—"And oh! Arthur," said the weeping woman, "ye would'n murder Trebarva beneath your father's

roof: think how 'twould darken your fair fame, and now that ye've got sitch a name in the wars."

There is no accounting for the sudden changes in men's minds; a few weeks before, and there is no doubt but that long and sanguinary pike would have pinned Trebarva to the wall, as an impressive warning that men who are the subject of a fierce and hereditary feud, should not venture into houses with a traitorous design to steal away their sisters, daughters, or fair substance. But in a few moments the ferocity of Trenlyon's countenance passed away; the bitterness of wrath was conquered, a generous and soldierly air took its place, he stretched out his right hand. "Trethewan," he said, "ye're welcome: be calm, man, and don't gripe the chair so hard. Damsen, I've taken ye by surprise it seems; but let that pass—now, let me put off this armour, and be clad again in peaceful garments."

It need not be said that Tomasina, with joyful surprise, hasted to perform her brother's commands, her quick step was heard on the stairs, and her voice rang clearly—"Fillis, the corduroy hose, and the doublet o' woollen; with the shoes he always wore in-doors; they're easier to the foot."

Are there any joys more exquisite than those of home? and even where wife and children do not meet the exulting eye, as in the present case, nor their fond endearments meet the embrace; the high, ruddy, blazing fire, the snug, comfortable parlour, to whose dimensions our eye has ever been accustomed; the favourite arm-chair, the cheering glass,—all, all conspire to make rest after toil, safety after the clashing of steel, smiles and soft words after the groans and shrieks of the dying,—welcome and delicious as the gushing fountain to the expiring Arab. This was the happiest moment of Trenlyon's life; he leaned his war-worn head on the back of the chair, crossed his hands on his breast, and his lips gently moving, but no sound coming forth, revelled in that hushed emotion, that stillness of the soul, when the waves that have rolled over it are softly sinking, and the wild winds are chained.

"Mr. Trenlyon," said the guest, at last, though the words seemed to come from the bottom of his breast, "ye've had a hard time of it, and behaved like—like one o' your—there's no gainsayin' it, no—one o' your house should ha' done; ye were a peaceable man too, aforetime."

"And do ye allow that, Trebarva," said the other, with a momentary triumph in his eye at this concession of his hereditary rival—" 'tis much! Ye allow that I ha' behaved, that's to say, like a Trenlyon; thank ye, thank ye! a peaceable man aforetime I was; that 's true, Trebarva; but you see there 's always something in the formation of a Trenlyon that tells, when need comes, of the race from which he sprung, and the blood you see, that 's in his veins," throwing a half-lounging, patronising glance on his guest from the back of his arm-chair.

"He 's right, Trethewan," said Damsen in a shrill voice, "Arthur is right: could any body behave more manfully than he did, showing clearly that what's born with us must come out some time or other: the church-yard there afore the window was the most of his walk every day; and to think of his climbing the hill like a wild beast. But look how he's wasted; the corduroy and the woollen hang about en like.—Ah! ye have passed through sore trials, no doubt, and fearful things."

"Trethewan," said the brother, raising the flagon to his lips, "here 's your health, and may ye long

live in your own hall like an otter in his den, snug and safe. There's nothing like peace, Trebarva, be assured; what can be pleasanter than the two grassy hills on each side your house; the stream murmuring in front; the orchard, loaded with fruit behind; the green meadow on the left, and the garden with the bee-hives. There's a sea of comfort in all these things, my friend: when I was on the cold face of the hill, quivering in the night wind like a seal in the sunbeams, the horrors of the fight over, and a stone for my pillow,—you were wrapped in luxury; on your downy pillow you listened to the glidin' of the stream, or the wave on the beach. Ye've been a happy man; a man far more to be envied than those who are come from kings, from fierce knights, who've got the deeds of their forefathers always before their eyes, warnin' them like spectres to go and do the like!"

"Hem—ay—Trenlyon—kings! They say when a man comes from the wars, he comes with an open mouth; however, I'm glad to see ye well back, and here's your health;—this ale's exceeding good. Body o' me, ye're wasted, man! it had'n a been the worse if a softer bed than the stone had

been under ye. Dinna think with a houldin' like mine though, that a man can lay himself down like a tod in a tank, wi' the murmur o' bees and water in his ear;—there's Penheale croft, and Crinnis load to be looked after night and day; the villains keep the dues from me: the stream tin, too, in Clowan's river: 'The glidin' o' the wave,' says he, ''tis more like the glidin' of red hot iron under my head when I lie down on my bed.'"

"Now there ye're wrong, Trethewan," said the sister; "in disturbin' yourself overmuch, and in givin' no rest to your eyelids about things in that way; 'tis wearin' out a man's soul worse than the wars do his body. And there's somethin' more noble, after all, in doing like Arthur ha' done in the field, and sufferin' with the princes o' the earth, than in roamin' like a disconsolate badger up and down, the precious hours o' the night as well as the day."

"Damsen," said Trenlyon calmly, "there's truth in your words: I'm conscious of it myself. There is in such a course a sort of ennoblin' left upon the mind; a man does'n feel as he did afore. Henceforth I shall go less often to the cliff o' Crulis to watch the small vein o' copper, sittin' on the

brink, like a curlew watching the storm: I'll quarrel no more wi' the bailies for each foot o' ground in the inclosin' Nanchera Downs—there's a lowerin' in these things."

"And d'ye think," said his guest, with a sardonic grin, "that your substance is to be secured by rampagin' about the country; or that runnin' a pike through a man's back will make your roof strong over your head? There'll be a lowerin', and an inclosin,' too; and poverty, like an armed man, will glim over the wall, and give ye a grip wi' his iron hand that'll make your bones shake: ye'll be such an atomy, that there'll be no room for ennoblin' thoughts inside your skin. Slight a kinelic vein and the wide fat croft for a shadow o' thought! ha! ha!"

"Trethewan," said his host solemnly, "as the oak falleth, so it must lie. Ye ken the saying, 'A noble mind'—hem! But what made ye draw such a picture of poverty and wastin'? I can hold my own, man, as well as you, though not, maybe, with so much watchin' and toil.—Croft! as if I wanted a few feet o' fat land. As to the grip o' poverty or miserlin', whoever looks upon that lank, long figure will see where it's been hardest. Armed

man! but I 'll tell ye what, there was a time when ye 'd ha' liked to 've been one; when Pharaoh and his host followed after the Israelites, to get their jewels and chattels, and make them build up cities o' treasure: St. Tudy! ye 'd ha' taken lance and shield then."

"And so I would," said the other eagerly; "and so I would: that 's the only part o' Scripture that moves me. There was great wealth in those days; the droves of cattle, sheep, oxen, besides gems, and stones, and rubies, of unknown value. I 'd ha' taken my great grandsire's, Uren Trethewan's, suit o' armour down from the wall; there 's sense in the takin' sitch a spoil."

"I 'm glad ye 've the grace to keep that suit of armour," was the reply; "a reverence for things gone by. Could ye have tasted the sweetness that I tasted amidst the tombs of my great forebears—amidst the ruins, as ye well know, of Tintayel! 'Twas a solemn time, and the lifted glass paused in mid-air, while his voice grew less firm. "I sat in the royal Arthur's chair: Trebarva, ye ken his exploits well; and I had communion with the Trenlyons of old, the men o' fame that wore gilded spurs. If ever man had

communion with past things—Tomasin, I bent over her grave, the grave of Ayma, that ye 've often heard me speak of; the flowers were growin' wild, and the grass was rank—the comliest woman that was ever in our family—but she 's gone—beauty fades, Trebarva!"

"Ay, brother, ay," said the sister! "she was a comlie woman, and so well conducted too, dyin' a virgin; with such a shape and neck! with an eye like a queen, and a face like the driven snow for whiteness, as I have heard you say, particularly, brother, many's the time. There 's more sense, too, in thinkin' o' such a woman, and sittin', if 'tis but upon her grave, than in takin' up with a low obscure baggage, like that down in the Ivy Bush, sittin' beside her upon the settle, gazin' upon her cunnin' eye and dark locks—"

Here a stern look from the brother put a sudden stop to these tones, that sunk into a kind of whine and whiffle, with "sitch degradin'," and so on.

The discomfited spinster, by way of relief, gazed upon her ancient admirer, who sat opposite; the clear blue eye was still there, but its once tender and impassioned glances were past for ever; the full, prosperous, and sanguine cheek was consumed

by carking care. Still, he was her first and only love; and if the truth must be told, when Arthur had entered so unexpectedly, they were far gone in the prospect of a future and happy union. The latter, however, had been thoughtful for a moment, and seemed to be returning again to the scene of his perils.

"You have heard," he said, "no doubt, of the untimely fate of one we all know; a man full of errors and over weaning pride: but we won't darken the memory of him that 's departed;—Pengreep, of Tredavern!"

This was an instant bond of sympathy and union between the whole party, for the deceased had been the long and bitter rival of both the squires, in descent, pretension, substance, and influence. On the guest, indeed, he had always looked with sovereign contempt; the host he had been compelled to respect in a higher degree, and to allow no small share of his pretensions.

"Pengreep, of Tredavern, dead!" said Trethewan, with heartfelt eagerness, drawing his chair nearer the fire.

"Ah! the proud leevin!" interposed the sister;

"this comes o' boastin' of his house, and preferrin' it above our's: a judgment has overtaken 'em."

"My friends," said Trenlyon, "'tis a sad and movin' tale to tell;—Trethewan, your glass; you'll find it good, man: sister, 'twill do ye more service than Hollands, and the night's warm—hem! That a man who was always set agen me and my house, with bitter injuries and cruel mockings; so as to say, that the Tredàverns had a place in the land, a buildin', fair meadows, and beeves, while the Trenlyons were wanderin' like wild druids among the ricks and cairns—that such a man should breathe his last out at my feet, without a blessin', a tear, or a sigh over 'em, is not to be wondered at. You can imagine my feelins', Trebarva: I pitied the man, but he died impenitent: his spirit passed away with a sneer and a whiff at the blood that was purer, and clearer, and oulder than his own."

"The hardened villain!" said the latter, "he's gone to his long account; he! he! Did he say any thing, afore he departed, about the family he had so grievously lowered? Oh! the words o' that man ha' cost me nights of sleep; and, when tossed to and fro, I ha' looked at my father's ould

lance gleamin' agen the wall, and wished he was within reach o' the sharp point. Did he dare, in dyin', to sneer about the Trebarvas, and to say—I should ha' longed to be there? Did he speak o' our ancient house?"

"He never said a word about it," was the reply; "'tis'n likely, in his dyin' hour, he would think o' such a thing."

"What do you mean, Mr. Trenlyon," said the guest, in half suppressed accents, "by these words? Why shoud'n he think of my family in his last hour?"

"Ye 're close wi' me—ye 're hard upon me, Trethewan, for a word: but if I must speak, he was thinkin' of more important matters,—he was speakin' of our house."

The other drew his breath hard, and his deeply lined and withered countenance became like that of the magician's, who saw his serpent devoured by that of the prophet. "This to me, you insultin' man! But I 'll be calm; ye labour under a delusion; the ale 's ower strong: no man in his right mind could ha' said such a thing, 'tis'n possible!"

"But it is possible!" returned the host, leaning

half over the table—"I 'm a man of sincere speech, it does'n become a soldier to be otherwise; and if you deny what I ha' said, St. Tudy! you 'd drank a pottle afore I came."

"Ale!—and do ye think to bury an affront like this in ale? an affront deeper than the deep ocean! Arthur Trenlyon, I have drunk of your cup, and eat of your platter this night; 'tis hard, in sitch a case, to carry a deadly thing away—be warned!" and he lifted his hard, bony finger, and sat at least half-a-foot higher in his chair. There was a hushed and dead pause throughout the room for a few moments; looks only of strong and fearful import being exchanged between the parties, for what they felt seemed too big for utterance. Trenlyon's hand had been some time on the neck of the flaggon; he now lifted it, and poured its last contents into his glass, saying at the same time, in a musing manner, "Pengreep, with all his faults, was a knowin' man. I met him upon Stowe Heath one day. 'Trebarva Hall,' says he, 'is a thing of small account, compared, Trenlyon, to your rooftree or mine; what wi' gripin', what wi' mendin', and the death of two or three far-away cousins, the ould walls are kept together;

but there's a smell,' says he, 'o' commonness about them, o' newness, like a ploughed meadow.'" There was deep and concentrated cunning and malice in the look he fixed on his victim, while he emptied with perfect self-possession the glass he had filled.

Not so his guest, who writhed to and fro in his chair, like an eel that has been cut in two by some idle boy: 'tis doubtful if the man they spoke of suffered such keen torment when dying on the field. On a sudden his anguished eye brightened. "Would ye compare houses and lands," said he, "with a long, clean descent? What, if part of the hall is not so old, maybe, as the rest, and ye ha' more substance aneath your roof? there's no by-blows in our line, no turnin's to the right or left, no hatchin's up! Can you say that of your fathers, you maligner? Have ye forgot that Andrew Rowe, of Rescrinnis, lived a light life with a dame o' your family, in the time of Henry the Eighth? She was married a'terwards to a Trenlyon, a second-cousin; but the children aforetime, the by-blows, bore the name, and kept up the succession: by the mark, too, that there was'n a direct male branch at that time in the land."

"Oh, you traducer of an honourable name!" said Trenlyon, kindling at the taunt; "bring to your mind that the noted Corbie Trenlyon returned in his old age from the wars in France, and with 'en came his son Roger, so called from the great Roger, the Pict-killer, and he married with a Halwyn, and so founded the line afresh, in a pure and honourable manner, and I 'm in a direct descent from that son."

"Ay, ay," replied the guest, "ye are better off than your forebear. I remember hearing my mother say, that her grandmother, when a child, remembered the old Corbie, a worn-out tyke, landin' in the cove down by, with a head o' white hair, and a bowed frame, and wanderin' about in search of a roof and a home; and as he passed by our place, Trebarva-hall, that was then in grandeur, she looked out o' the window upon the fore-worn and friendless man, with a pity in her eye."

The host compressed his lips, and clenched his hands hard. "Trethewan! you are an unsightly man to look upon, but that 's nothing to the unsightliness, the blackness of the heart that ye hould within.—Damsen, be calm; I 'll put 'en down in a moment. When the great Corbie set

his foot once more on his native shore, at that very time Gwavas Trenlyon was livin' in splendour at Rescadgel. When he saw his warlike cousin drawing nigh, in a hard-hearted manner, he shut the gate—for the place had walls and gates—sayin', 'Corbie, ye ha' given the best o' your life to a strange land; go back and make an end where ye began.' They were the very words, Damsen; our father used often to repeat them."

"They were, brother—they were the exact thing. Oh, Trebarva! that you should so forget yourself as to speak light of sitch a renowned man! Rescadgel was a hould o' great note, with a carvin' o' marble in the great hall, and damask hangin's in the guest-chamber."

"At that very time, too," continued the brother, in a deep voice, "Trebarva-hall was a little, low, scampin' hold, with one round tower, and a door of extreme narrowness, with a little strip o' meadow on one side, and a few sheep on the other. Now, I remember my father sayin' once, 'When Corbie,' says he, 'being refused admittance into the Castle of Rescadgel, passed on to the ancient seat of his race, at Stowe, he passed by, in the way, a small bottom, wi' water and grass, and in the middle

was the likeness of a hould, a poor tower and mean walls: and in the single window, or hole in the wall, was a woman, crooning and knitting:—it must ha' been the forebear o' your mother that you speak of."

The cleär blue eye of Trebarva gleamed like a lighted coal. "At that very time," he said, in tones almost stifled with passion, "ye ken, you awful maligner! that my ancestor, Uren Trethewan, that lived in the hall, was more looked up to in the land than Guavas of Rescadgel. Strip o' meadow! had'n he the whole bottom, and did'n his flocks cover the sides o' the hill? There was the northern tower too, as well as that by the river-side; and the ruins may be seen to this day. Your forebear, wanderin' by, would ha' been glad to ha' sheltered his head there—"

"He would ha' had poor shelter then," answered Trenlyon, turning up his nose with sovereign contempt. "St. Tudy led 'en in safety past the walls.—You are here now, my friend; you see this chamber, and this dwellin', the snuggest and best, I 've a notion, in the village,—this is nothing; this is dust in the balance compared to the grandeur in which Guavas Trenlyon lived in the

day we speak of. To the great hall of Rescadgel came knights and men of note, and were feasted day and night, and great were the doings with music and dancin'. And in Trebarva-hall—Robert Trethewan! have ye a notion what were the doings? The old hall was about ten feet square, and the last time I rode by, I looked in through the gratin', and there were a dozen sheep lyin'; but they had'n room, poor things! some upon the backs of others. I could'n help pityin' them."

Trebarva laughed in the anguish of his spirit, with that kind of laugh with which men seek to hide their inward emotions.

"There 's ne'er a better hall," he said, "in the ould, dark, moanin' ruin of Tentayel; a nest for the birds of the sea, a place to beware of, that never held any thing but foxes or otters. As to a court being held there, ha! ha! and Arthur dwellin' a king, sitch another fable as the doings in Rescadgel, wi' music and dancin'!"

"Beware, Trethewan," said the host in a solemn tone, "'tis not for such lips as your's to profane the dwelling of my great ancestor, or to cast a cloud upon his name."

"A cloud!" replied the other, exulting that he

had now the advantage; "was there ever any thing else? 'Tis food for laughin' for a whole night long —all that rig-roll of the round-table. They would ha' been glad to ha' crowded into Trebarva hall, like sheep, when Uren lived there in his pride."

This was more than man could endure. Trenlyon sprung from his seat, and laid a strong grasp on the insulter. "From beneath the roof you have maligned shall ye instantly go—out wi' ye, to your own mean, scrubby hall!"

Trebarva as strenuously resisted this attack, and the struggle was long and determined. He was like a long polar bear in the grasp of an enraged lion; and as between the two animals, such was here the fate of the contest. He was first dislodged from the fire-side and the easy-chair, Damsen in the meanwhile setting up piteous expostulations.

"Oh, Robert, recal what ye ha' said. Ye ken well, that to malign Tintayel is to touch the apple of his eye!—And, Arthur, so fierce for a word! Ye must allow old Uren Trethewan was a man o' note in his day, and the hall was no' so mean."

She had the discretion, however, to seize with a firm hold on the long pike, and keep it aloof from

the strife. The hapless Trebarva had by this time, what with tugging and pulling, been advanced as far as the passage towards the exit; his retreat being accompanied with two or three channels of stout ale and hollands from the overturned table and flagons. His linsey coat, that he had put on quite new to visit the object of his tenderness, was fearfully rent; and this, perhaps, conduced as much to the pallidness that now spread over his countenance, as any of the contumelies he had that night received. The door at last opened with a loud clang, and out into the thick darkness of the night he was thrust by his enraged host, who, with a gleaming eye, followed his rapidly gliding form down the steps as long as it was visible, and then closed and barred the door behind him.

It would be difficult to conceive a change more distressing than the ejected man now found himself exposed to. Each dwelling in the village was fast closed, every light had disappeared from the windows, for the inhabitants were buried in sleep. A drizzling rain was falling on his uncovered head; there was no place of refuge equal to the church-yard opposite, and he instantly crossed the stile that led into it. Here for some time he

walked to and fro beneath the old oaks that afforded some shelter from the rain, and thought with a sad, yet chafed spirit, of the blazing fire, the arm-chair, the cheering old ale, and the face of Tomasin, that were now irrecoverably lost to him; and many an imprecation rose to his lips on the name, race, keene, and connexions, both near and to the farthest possible remove, both of the past and future, of the man who had thus wronged him. He had recourse, at last, to the church-porch, with a most reluctant step, and there sat down with a frame thoroughly chilled, which he vainly strove to warm by drawing closely his rent and misused garments around him. At times he fell into a feverish dose, in which he was transported into Trebarva-hall; the great gate was thrown wide open, the whole valley was bright with innumerable lights, ladies of uncommon beauty looked out from the windows, and the voice of music was rife in every chamber. Then he awoke to hear the heavy, ceaseless dropping of the rain from the slated roof on the sepulchral pavement, or the still more teazing, dreamy, hushed descent of the drizzling shower on the leaves of the trees, and the rank grass of the tombs.

CHAPTER IV.

"Why fills not Bothwellhaugh his place,
Still wont our weal and woe to share?
His Margaret, beautiful and mild,
Sits in her bower, a pallid rose."

NOT many miles from the city of Bath, and in the immediate neighbourhood of the small town of Marsfield, the Royal army was now posted, with the intention of attacking Sir William Waller on the morrow. The most active preparations filled the camp. The enemy's position, on the Hill of Lansdowne, and the whole arrangement of their force were distinctly visible in the pale starlight. Many an officer of the Royalists, instead of seeking repose, preferred to remain a lingering and hushed spectator of the exciting scene. Seldom had the Republicans displayed so much skill in the choice of their position, or such good tactics in the fine disposition

of their force. On the eminence of Lansdowne, that rose like an amphitheatre, stood the numerous batteries and breastworks that must be stormed on the morrow, ere any decisive success could be gained. Waller, in fact, had neglected no precaution of an able general to give the Royalists a warm and deadly reception. The long and anxious conference held in the Marquis's tent had dispersed, and on this occasion the utmost unanimity had prevailed. Numerous outposts were posted far in advance on every side, the severe lesson they had received at Somerton rendering them suspicious of a night attack: but it was needless; there was no intention on Waller's side of anticipating the decisive contest of to-morrow. Andrews, the standard-bearer, who had been promoted in consequence of his behaviour in the last battle, passed the hours of the night in restlessly passing from one outpost to another, with an affectation of vigilance that gratified highly, however, his own mind. On a sudden, he heard the rapid tread of a horse drawing nigh, in the direction evidently of the hostile camp. Nothing daunted, the veteran stood still in the path along which the horseman advanced; and in a few moments the latter suddenly reined his steed, on

finding his passage interrupted. The lifted pike was lowered instantly in the veteran's hand, and his stern summons died on his lips, as his glance rested on the pale and comely features of his daughter's son: he was richly dressed and armed, and the haughty expression of his eye had returned again: he drew back several paces; and the hand that he had laid on his sword seemed paralysed, as the old man's form stood distinctly before him.

"Where go you, boy?" said Andrews, in a hollow voice.

"Not where you rest, not where you fight," said the other hurriedly: "see you yon tents on the hill? there is my destiny."

"What! to fight again in the rebel's cause? Son of my only child, turn your horse's head this way, to where the Royal standard waves, if you would have an old man's blessing. What look you so fiercely at there?"

"Whose is that standard I see yonder?" said Nicholas: "By heaven! 'tis his! I know it again: And you ask me to fight beneath its shadow, for the honour of its master? Ha! ha! old man, do you mock me? Beware! I have suffered enough at your hands!—Start not so wildly from me; I would not

harm your grey hairs—I would not have my mother's curse on my soul."

"It has been heavy on mine," said Andrews gloomily; "it has bid the grave be ready for me before my time; but, thank God! the heaviest guilt is taken away—your life is saved—redeemed from the very gates of death: yes, the eye is proud and free again, not sealed as—Oh! 'twas a fearful sight—Mary has not cursed me, has she?" and he grasped the youth's hand strongly in both his own, and looked long and fixedly at him.

"She never knew it," said the latter sternly. "Was it a thing to tell a mother of? And now make way: by all you hold sacred, cross not my path again! this has unnerved me. I'd rather meet your proud lord in fight, in the midst of his band;—hah! a few hours more, and it shall be so. I'll lower that banner on the morrow, old man, or lie low at its foot."

"Proud boasting rebel!" said the veteran, forgetting for the instant his softer feelings in his strong feudal attachment, "this to me! Has not the sight of the grave yet wrung these cursed thoughts from your heart? Thou lower the Norman banner! Go, hide thy head in yonder host;

but say not that Andrews, the standard-bearer, is thy grandsire."

The youth smiled scornfully, and without deigning any return, save a repulsive gesture of his hand, rode rapidly away, and was soon lost to view in the windings of the road. The old man turned sadly away, and with a heavy heart re-entered the camp; the night was now far advanced, and he proceeded straight to his master's tent, that stood in the centre of the Cornish force. A great part of the soldiers lay stretched on the grass, in the calmness of a summer's night, seeking repose against the toils of the morrow. On entering the tent, the ancient retainer found his master seated, and apparently lost in thought: before him were several papers and letters, which he had been reading by the light of the taper; his sword and casque were placed on the table beside him. From the traces of sorrow and anxiety in his countenance, it was evident that war was not now in his thoughts. His luxuriant light-brown hair, parted in the middle, fell in long ringlets on his shoulders, after the fashion of the cavaliers of the time, and even shaded part of his fine and commanding features. "Andrews," said he, "you are come in

good time. I was just thinking of some passages in which you, I believe, had a part. Is all safe without? are the watches strictly kept? the stillness is deep throughout the camp."

"All is safe, my Lord, and the night wears apace: the troops of your house sleep soundly around on the grass, as if 'twere their last slumber: the morrow will bring a rough waking."

"And a last one to many!" was the reply. "The brunt of the day, as at Stratton, must be borne by the desperate. Yonder hill looks darkly on us. Have you marked any movement in the enemy's line as yet? Their batteries breast each other, like the waves of the sea."

"'Tis an awful sight," said the other; "but not like that the Spanish fleet offered to your grandsire's ship: tier above tier they rose, shadowing the very sea; and circled him round, so that there was no escaping."

"Ha! that is a passage I have long wished to hear you speak of," said Sir Beville. "Now I remember, when you first came before me at Stowe, you told of it; but the days have been so stirring since, that I have not recurred to it again."

"It was thus," said the ancient retainer, so-

lemnly, with the importance of manner that the deep attention of his auditor excited. "Your relative was Vice-Admiral in the Revenge; and we were at anchor near the Island of Flores, when the Spanish fleet came down on our weather-bow, and attacked us with their fifty-three sail of ships. We fought from three in the afternoon till break of day on the following morning, and repulsed them fifteen times. But often as they drew back, fresh vessels and crews from their numerous squadron took their place, and rushed again on their lonely victim. We fought till Sir Richard was mortally wounded; and then we were a mere hulk, scarcely floating on the water. Four of the Spanish vessels, and a thousand of their men, had perished beside us.—Were you ever in Turkey, my Lord?"

"No, Andrews; I am not such a wanderer; but you were there, with your master, long since."

"I was, when he fought under Ferdinand, in Pannonia, against the Infidels. I have seen the Turks, after battle, lying in confused, frightful masses; for they rushed on death, as if the avenging angel had struck them. Had you been on the deck of the Revenge, you would have thought the same then: it was one wide slaughter-house. 'It

was better,' your brave grandfather said, 'to yield themselves to the mercy of Heaven, than to that of the enemy, for they were Spaniards.' My master called me to him: I found him dying in the midst of his fallen and devoted crew. 'I cannot stay behind,' he said, pointing to the slaughtered heaps: 'these would be swift witnesses against me, and they would mourn for their leader'. He knew how they loved him. 'Andrews,' said he, rallying all his strength, for he was bleeding to death fast, 'take this sword; should my grandson Beville be worthy of it, give it him, and tell him how Sir Richard died.'"

"My noble ancestor!" said the latter, deeply moved: "and what followed after?"

"They were his last words," replied the other: "I stooped down to catch some other word, but your name was the last. I raised his head, and tried to take the sword from his hand, but it was clasped too firmly round it; and I would not take it thence till he was committed to the deep, for the cold clay. seemed to me to take a pleasure in clasping that sword."

"You have faithfully kept it: you have treasured it as your own soul,—have you not?"

"It is here, my Lord," said the retainer, suddenly drawing it from the sheath, and displaying it full in the taper's light: "it has never quitted my side since that hour."

Sir Beville took it eagerly, looked at it long and curiously. "It was a death to be envied, Andrews," he said, with a deep sigh, as he laid it before him. "And this precious heritage—should I fall, you will give it to my son, and tell him also Sir Richard's last words."

"And now, my Lord, I have fulfilled those words, when my feet are faltering to the grave: it seems to me like parting anew from my dear and brave master: my hand will never be used to other weapon; and I would fain, in to-morrow's battle——"

"Take it again! press it to your heart, old man!—it was a hero's, in life and death:—return it to the scabbard, and place this armour aside till the morn. I know not how it is, I have loved to look at it from a child, for it was his gift; but now the gleam disquiets me. I wish that to-morrow's eve were come!"

"If the sun goes down on our victory, my Lord, 'twill be welcome."

Sir Beville made no reply, but perused again for some time the letters that had at first occupied him, so intently, that he seemed scarcely conscious of the presence of his ancient domestic, who stood with his eyes fixed on the changing countenance of his master, the free and resolute expression of which was quenched in one of sadness and melancholy;—he pressed the paper to his lips: Andrews marked the tears fall on it, and marvelled at this unwonted weakness; in all his wanderings it was what he himself had known little of. The nobleman raised his eyes after some time, and fixed them earnestly on his retainer.

"Andrews," he said, "you never knew a husband's or a father's love."

"My Lord, I've been a rough and rude wanderer in my time; and that time has been long; near seventy winters are gone over me, and forty of them since I left my home, and they 're enough to deaden kindness of any sort,—save—"

"It recks little to you whether you die in the stricken field, or calmly in your bed. No tear of those you love will fall for you—no helpless, no lovely ones, will gather round your grave—no, the widow and the orphan will not be there."

"And why should I regret it, my Lord? I shall die the calmer: let it be to-morrow; no one will miss me, or seek for the green grave that covers me."

"Poor and desolate old man! then you cannot feel as I do—you can have nothing in kind with me. But you have dwelt beneath my roof, Andrews; you have seen your lady often—so young, beautiful, and devoted; and the children that Heaven has given me, the image of their loved mother. Beville, you know, has the same features, the same bright blue eye and witching smile; and Catherine, his sister—this is a lock of her hair—the same rich flaxen hue as her mother's, but paler."

"Ah! my Lord, they are sweet pledges, no doubt. I have often thought, at the Castle, that in my long wanderings I had hardly known a man so blest as you: but these thoughts affect you too deeply."

"Then we have lived, Andrews," he continued, not heeding the old man's words, "without one cloud on our happiness: each day that came brought the same flow of affection, and that charm in her society, which, beyond the walls of Stowe,

I never found elsewhere. I could have cursed the summons that called me from my home, were it not the call of my King."

"You will see them again ere long," said the other: "if we are successful to-morrow, the walls of Stowe will soon be before us."

"See them again!" said Sir Beville, turning deadly pale: "do you doubt it, old man? Oh, God! spare me to see them, to bless them, once more—for their sake, if not for my own. 'Tis this bids the iron enter into my soul: these are Lady Grace's last letters, in which she conjures me to come, if it is but for a day, an hour; to leave the camp, and haste there, but for one short interview. I ought to have gone; I promised it at Wells. I ought not to have resisted her entreaties. The love of my King I shall feel even in death; but oh, there is a love stronger than death. 'Each day,' she says, 'we ascend the battlements of the tower, and look far to the north over the waste heath, in hope of seeing you return, and there we linger long for your courser's form in the distance, and Beville says his father will come no more.'—Hark! what sound is that? is it a signal-gun from Waller's camp?"

The veteran went to the tent-door and looked out eagerly into the night; but all was hushed, and the distant sound, whatever it was, had died away.

"All is silent around," said the latter, "and I see no movement in the enemy's camp: they do not seem to fear us, or else they wait calmly for our attack."

"A few hours more," was the reply, "and that attack must be made: 'twill be a bloody one; for Waller is a skilful and daring leader, and will not meet us as Stamford did at Stratton. It is strange, Andrews, on that wild heath, when standing to arms all night, I felt as if about to join in a gay and noble banquet at my own Castle; and now, my mind shudders at the scene of slaughter that is drawing nigh—even now, was it not for my fame, and the cause of my King, I could take horse, and speed on wings to my Castle walls. Yes, to-morrow they will be there again, on the battlements of the eastern tower,—the mother and her children. I see the anguish of disappointment on their faces, and her lingering look quenched in tears. Ah! by to-morrow's eve there may be no hand to dry them, and your father, my darling

child, may come no more!" and covering his face with his hands, he gave way to a silent and passionate burst of sorrow.

"My Lord," said his devoted retainer, "give not way, I entreat you, to these gloomy feelings; they will unnerve you."

"Gaze no longer," continued Sir Beville, wholly yielding to the dark visions of his own fancy, "over the heath; the form you seek, my love, is not there. But the night is drawing on; descend to the desolate hall, the lonely chambers where our hours of happiness have been, and listen no more for his courser's tread. That beautiful group is before me now—there!—but oh, how changed! the rose is not on their cheek, and each bright glance is sunken and pale. Old man," he said, suddenly raising his head, "you have been in many a fight—did you ever see them who were bereaved gathering round their lost and loved one?"

"My Lord," said the other, "if you mean, did I ever see those who sorrowed over the slain; I remember well, after a stricken field against the infidels in Pannonia, I was wandering round the plain in search of a fallen comrade. There was a

Turkish mother and her children raising their death-wail, after their manner, over a noble-looking man, whom they held in their arms; his white turban and robe were dyed in his blood; but I marked that he had fallen in the prime of his life: and they kissed the cold face, and pressed the lifeless hands to their hearts, and wailed as those that would not be comforted."

"Andrews," said the nobleman, after a pause, in which he struggled with the feelings of anguish that rent his heart, "this is too much; but I'll think no more of it. I asked you not for such a picture as that—and you tell it calmly, ruthless soldier! with those marble features unmoved, and with that hard brow that has never been bowed by woman's love. In this hour, would that I had Sir Richard's heroic mind, when he pointed to his fallen men, and said he could not stay behind them, as if each deep and devoted feeling rested on that slaughtered band—but I cannot! Should I be called—No, I cannot break from those ties thus fearlessly, though my gallant Cornish died around their chief."

"And they would joy to do so," said the veteran. "I heard their exulting words last eve; the

sounds that went through every rank, that they would gain glory for their leader, and place his banner the highest on the hill, though it was planted on their dead bodies."

"Did they say so?" said Sir Beville, his bright eye flashing, and each trace of sorrow passing from his features. "My brave troops! then your words shall be fulfilled, though Waller's iron ramparts pour their vollies like the blasts of death.—And now, Andrews, retire, and seek the rest that your age requires: there are seventy winters, you say, on that head, and it has known watching enough. Attend me here in a few hours, as soon as the first streak of dawn is in the sky."

The veteran quitted the tent at those words, and left his master alone, who, taking his tablets, occupied the fleeting hours of the night in writing letters: first, to his King, on the progress and prospects of the campaign in the West—for Charles highly valued his correspondence; and next to his family; then, wrapping his cloak around him, followed the example of his soldiers without, and, making the floor of the tent his bed, sought a short and hurried repose. This did not continue long, for the morn was now near at hand; and

Trevanion soon after entered the tent of his friend. He gazed for a few moments on his countenance, that wore the sad and disturbed expression of its waking moments.

"It is the first time," he said, "I have seen him thus: there must be some dark strife within. It cannot be of ambition, hatred, or the dark policy that fills so many hearts, but has little to do, noble-minded man, with thine. Mohun, Holland, and Jermyn, and your friend too, fight for the banner of Charles, but they look to find honours and dignities beneath its shadow."

He stooped and gently awoke him.

"Is it you, Trevanion?" said the latter. "Never was your face more welcome; shame on my supineness: you are ready, I see, for the field—how looks the morn? Are the troops under arms?"

"They are," he replied; "and Waller already gives us note of invitation. Shall I assist you to arm? The morn breaks beautifully."

"That is well," said the other, "and augurs fairly, I trust, of the day. We shall advance before sun-rise. Our troops form the centre division, do they not?"

"It was so decided," was the reply: "the horse

will be in the wings; and you will be supported on each side by Sir Nicholas Slanning and myself. But the trumpet already sounds, and the camp is in movement." And they quickly after left the tent together.

It was yet early day: the mists rose slowly from the flat and low ground where the Royalists were posted, and hung heavily on the banks of the stream that ran between the camp and the hill, and fell into the Avon below. The loud hum and confused voices of many thousands of men were indistinctly heard ere their forms were seen; and the sound of gathering feet shook the earth on every side; while the trumpet's note came strangely through the dense clouds of vapour, like a night-cry on the wave when nought is seen around. The words of command, as the troops strove to fall into their ranks, mingled wildly with each other. As the mist floated higher, the lance point and helm, the horse and his rider, came in slow and partial distinctness to view. The various standards of the leaders, opening to the morning air, were slowly borne to and fro; and the deep rolling of the drum drew nearer and louder every moment, with the hoarse creaking of the artillery.

The long and regular rows of tents, that had stood in beautiful array a few hours past in the star-light, were quickly struck, and, together with the baggage and several of the ammunition-waggons, placed in the rear. Contrasted with all this disorder and busy preparation was the camp of Waller on the heights of Lansdowne. As one part of the splendid and guarded position rose to view after the other, it seemed to mock all the loud movements of the assailants in terrible and contemptuous stillness. At long intervals, the report of a cannon broke from the haughty eminence; but it was more in token of perfect readiness for battle, than for the sake of annoyance; and, like the "rushing sound in the trees," that bade the king of Israel fall on his enemy, it warned the sanguine Royalists that the avenger of Stratton was there.

CHAPTER V.

" Now farewell light—thou sunshine bright!
And all beneath the sky;
May coward shame distain his name,
The wretch that dare not die!"

BURNS.

In the course of an hour, the army was in full march to attack the position of the Republicans. This was so well fortified, and presented so formidable an appearance, that the Royal commanders, during many preceding days, had endeavoured by every possible means to make their enemy descend to the lower ground, and fight on fair and equal terms. But Waller had too much prudence to yield the advantages he possessed; having an amply stored city, that was well affected to his cause, at his back, and the power of harassing the movements and cutting off the supplies of the assailants

whenever he chose; and now, to his infinite joy, he saw them advancing to storm his position. He had abundant cause to feel secure and confident. On the brow of the hill were breastworks, well planted with cannon, and lined with infantry; on either flank, down the declivity of the hill, sloped a wood, and this was filled with musketeers; and in the rear, on the top of the hill, was a small plain, where the reserves of horse and foot were posted. The sight of these redoubtable defences was enough to shake the confidence of the stoutest heart. As the day now opened clear and beautifully, each dark and deadly preparation could be distinctly seen by those below, as they every moment drew nearer to the height. Open and manifest perils appal less, perhaps, than those that are partially hidden from our ken. In the long and dark wood, that descended on each side of the hill, could be half discerned at times the arms and forms of the troops that were crowded amidst the thick branches and foliage. Above the woods were the formidable breastworks, in which, just rising over the green surface of the eminence, were long ridges of helms and lance points, as moveless as the artillery by which they were

flanked. A narrow and rapid stream ran at a short distance from the foot of the height of Lansdowne, directly in the way of the Royalists' advance; and while busied in crossing it, Waller resolved to shake the firm and good countenance of his enemy ere they came to closer quarters; and sent his whole body of horse and dragoons down the hill, to charge them in flank and rear. Among these was the famous regiment of cuirassiers of Sir Arthur Hazlerig, consisting of five hundred men; they had joined the rebel army only a few days before. It was the first time any troops had been seen armed in this way on either side. They were so completely "clothed in bright iron shells, as to be secure from hurts of the sword." The noise of their approach, and the rattling of their armour, as they galloped down the hill, was not a little startling; and their fierce charge so much amazed the King's horse, that had never before turned from an enemy, that they gave way entirely. Borne down by the shock, by reason of their being worse armed, as well as yielding to their own panic, the Royal cavalry forgot their hitherto high reputation. Their officers did their utmost to remedy the disorder and animate their

drooping courage; but throughout the day, they never came to the charge again with the same confidence.

This was a severe check to the advance of the Royalists, who were still partly embarrassed in the passage of the stream. They beheld their fine cavalry, in which their greatest hope had been placed, driven back in confusion. Already the narrow river began to be swollen with the number of the fugitives, who recoiled on the banks in frightful disorder; and men and horses plunged furiously in—the flying to gain the protection of their infantry, and the pursuers to slaughter without mercy.

Sir Nicholas Slanning advanced at that instant with three hundred musketeers, with which he kept up so brisk a fire on the Republican horse, as to arrest their progress. Unable to stand the close vollies, by which many of them fell, they began to waver; then Maurice and Carnarvon, having rallied their horse, came on again to the charge. This time it was more successful. The enemy, galled by the musketeers, as well as pressed sorely in front, wheeled suddenly round, and retreated at

full speed up the eminence to the protection of their batteries.

"This day will never be another Stratton," said Sir Beville Granville bitterly to some of his officers near him; "the army is already shaken, and the foot of the hill not gained as yet."

He then formed his infantry into one compact body, with the pikemen in front, and advanced slowly from the banks of the stream, the whole army, in the centre of which he commanded, moving on at the same time. They had now a quiet and undisputed field before them. No movement was observed among the enemy's columns, which stood in fine order, as before the onset. There was something startling in the contrast between the wide stillness that now reigned on the field, and the mingled sounds of rage and slaughter that had so lately rent the air.

Waller seemed resolved to let his enemy come fairly on his own vantage ground, ere he fired a shot, or stirred again from his defences; from which not a solitary shout now rose, nor a single discharge of cannon or musketry was poured. The Royalists too, who were now within full range of

the artillery, pursued their way in deep and breathless expectation. Each moment might carry destruction into their ranks, without the power of making any return; their artillery having been left on the level ground beneath, on the banks of the contested stream. From this spot the face of the battle had now wholly passed away, and left it wild and silent as before; and many a half-slain and bleeding wretch called faintly on his comrades, who took no note of those they left behind; many a haughty cavalier, and gay and gallant courtier, who had but lately left the Court at Oxford for this their first field, were stretched on the grassy bank, or floating on the water, that rolled as well over the sunken corpse of the cuirassier.

The Royalists were now marching boldly on the rebel position, with their numerous cavalry on the wings and in the rear, when there suddenly opened a heavy fire of musketry from the woods on each side, from amidst the thick branches and foliage: the vollies succeeded each other rapidly and close at hand; and the advancing cavalry fell fast, officers and men, without being able scarcely to see their foes. Slanning, who had been the first to repulse the horse in the former attack, led

his three hundred musketeers into the wood on the left, but they were so roughly received and handled, that they quickly recoiled, much shattered, on the main body. That body now pushed on at a quicker pace; for the ascent grew more gentle as it led nearer to the centre of the rebel force, and afforded good ground for cavalry to act; and Waller ordered his numerous squadrons to charge down. The Earl of Carnarvon met the charge half-way with his usual gallantry and daring; but he failed to inspire his men with his own spirit, as before. After hard fighting, the terrible regiment of cuirassiers broke their way resistlessly; their colonel, Sir Arthur Haslerig, fighting desperately at their head. Carnarvon and his men recoiled slowly at first, and then more confusedly, till they were met by the foot, who now advanced to redeem the day.

The Earl's countenance was crimsoned to the brow, as he waved his hand to their leader. "Sir Beville," he said, "the honour of the day now rests with you:—remember your words!"

"They are remembered, my Lord," said the latter, with a smile, and advanced with all the Cornish infantry on the deep squadrons of rebel

horse: the latter, flushed with their success, raised a loud shout, and rushed on this body of men, unsupported by cavalry or cannon on either side.

In the foremost rank of the enemy rose a handsome and richly-armed horseman; his countenance was pale as death, and there was a cruel fierceness in his eye as he cheered his comrades to the attack. It was Nicholas, who had well kept his word of the preceding evening to his relative, and, armed with a pole-axe, seemed to be utterly careless of danger or death.

The Cornish infantry stood, with singular firmness, the shock of a cavalry equal to themselves in number, and, without recoiling a step, completely turned the tide of the battle. The cuirassiers fell as fast as the King's horse had fallen beneath their onset on the banks of the stream below: Sir Arthur himself was wounded in several places in the melay; many of his men, pulled off their horses by the strength of arm of the western infantry, numbers of whom were practised wrestlers and hurlers, found their iron armour of little avail in averting death. Totally routed and broken, Waller's cavalry at last fled in disorder.

Sir Beville Granville now led his forces to the assault of the breastworks and batteries, within and around which the chief part of the rebel infantry was posted, that had as yet taken little share in the fight. At this moment, the artillery opened on the assailants with such tremendous effect, that, exposed as they were on the gentle slope, in a firm and compact body, the ground was instantly strewed with the dead and dying. It needed all the resistless influence of their commander to animate them to sustain the hail-storm of bullets that swept down every moment. Forming their broken lines again, and with the loud cries of "One and all!"—"Victory to Sir Beville, or death!" they rushed on with resistless impetuosity. It was in vain that the enemy's squadrons again advanced to arrest their progress: they could not force the forest of pikes that now bore down every thing before them.

In this desperate onset, Lord Arundel of Wardour, Hopton, and others, were badly wounded. Around the standard the struggle was prolonged: at one time, Nicholas, in the midst of the struggle, grasped it in his hand and raised his pole-axe to strike down the bearer; but his hand wavered as

Andrew's gleaming eye met his, and, with a deep curse, he wheeled his horse and retired. On this second repulse of the enemy's charge, the victorious foot pressed on, in the teeth of the vollies of musketry from the columns of the intrenched infantry, and in a short time stood on the brow of the position. Here a small plain opened to their view, on which some reserves of foot stood ranged, and the beaten cavalry had formed anew. Waller, seeing the day nearly lost, now advanced in person with his dragoons for a last and decisive charge.

Sir Beville Granville, to insure his troops their hard-earned victory, rushed at their head, surrounded by a few of his officers, into the thickest of the enemy, saying only, "Men of Cornwall, follow me!" They closely and fiercely followed him. He was met in full career by Nicholas, at the head of a few of Haslerig's men, whom he beat off, after receiving several wounds. The countenance of the baffled and vindictive young man was convulsed with rage; alone, he drove his powerful horse against that of the Lord of Stowe, which gave ground, and recoiled; then rising high in his stirrups, and grasping his pole-axe

with all his strength, he dealt a deadly blow on the head of the nobleman; it was instantly mortal; without a sigh or a groan, Sir Beville fell from his horse. His troops were so amazed at the loss, that they made no attempt to pursue the fugitives. Not so the faithful standard-bearer, who had stood beside his master's horse throughout the whole of the day—he saw him fall at his feet, cast one look of indescribable emotion on the body, and then laying the standard beside it, he sprung with the quickness of lightning after the slayer, who was at this moment making good his retreat. With one hand he strongly seized his horse's reins, and suddenly stayed his career: "Murderer of my noble master!" said the old man, in a hollow and broken voice, and plunged his sword to the hilt in the body of the youth. It was all the work of a moment: Nicholas fell, still living, from his saddle, on the breast of his grandfather, and his horse rushed wildly over the plain. The veteran drew forth the sword from the bosom of his daughter's child, and felt the life-blood gush in a torrent over his limbs, with the same feeling as the wretched victim feels the serpent twine its folds round his shuddering body. That horror of the soul came

on him, that man, on this side of eternity, is seldom doomed to feel. There, in his victim's hand, clenched closely, was the weapon stained with his loved master's blood: he gnashed his teeth as he gazed on it; and then he cast his own red sword away, and knelt beside the dying youth, and prayed in tones of agony for his forgiveness. Nicholas opened his eyes, and fixed them on him with a look of anguish equal to his own; he then turned his face away, and with a deep sigh expired. This was more than even the steeled and hardened feelings of old age could bear: he continued in broken tones to implore the mercy and pity of him who heard no more, till his brain wandered, and he laughed loudly amid the noise of the battle; and took the still hand of the dead, and clasped it in both his own, and then pressed it to his heart, and called on his daughter to come and look on her long absent child.

The battle still raged fiercely around; the rest of the Royal horse and foot advanced to preserve the vantage ground that had been so bravely won on the brow of the long-contested position, but they found a more stubborn resistance than they had expected. The pause that had

been made in the onset had given time to the enemy to breathe again, and rally their disordered columns.

On the spot where their leader had fallen, in one dark and moveless circle, stood the Cornish infantry. No shout was uttered, no arm raised; the men who had, a few moments before, raged like wild beasts for their prey, were now hushed and subdued as the infant. Leaning on their heavy pikes, and each eye turned on the grassy bank, these fierce men stood round their hero as men stand beside the grave where all their hopes are buried. He lay as when he fell beneath his mortal wound, but his features were calm as in sleep; the gentle and benignant expression they had worn in life had returned again, as if the fury of the conflict had never been there. His casque having been struck off, his light and luxuriant hair fell loosely on his shoulders, steeped in the blood that welled from his wound; the right hand, unnerved even in death, still clasped his heavy sword.

Bending over the body of his friend, and weeping silently and bitterly, was Trevanion; faint, and sorely wounded from the fight, he thought

not of himself or of the victory they had jointly won, but which was now reaping by other hands than his own; the past and long tried attachment —the hours of social enjoyment—the illustrious career of so many years that had first kindled his own ambition, rushed in a torrent to his memory, as he supported the lifeless head on his knee, and gazed fixedly on the pale and noble features, and the bold bright eye that was now closed for ever!

In fearful contrast to the silence of sorrow that reigned around was the appearance of Andrews, who now rushed through the throng. The aged features of the wretched man were frenzied and ghastly; a flash of triumph passed over them as he stood again at his master's side, and raised the fallen standard he had borne so long; and shouted a hollow cry, and then he waved the crimsoned sword he had gathered again from the field.

"It was Sir Richard's," he said: "I could not leave it behind; he bade me give it to his son Beville, and to my Lord——Sir Beville! and where is he?—where is my master?" and then he turned his hard and tearless eye on the body.

"Oh, villain! villain! he came with deadly purpose, with dark vengeance against that life; but I have slain him; I have revenged my Lord—ay, slain my daughter's child—ha! ha! ha!" and his wild laugh passed through the air like that of a demon over the despair of a guilty soul. "This is his blood!" and he held forth his garments that were saturated with it—"the blood of a gallant boy! How will Mary's eye meet this sight?—that gentle, loving eye that doated on her first-born:—she shall weave a shroud for her son.—Are those red tresses the long light locks of my Lord, that he wore this morn?—Look, Sir Beville, on your proud banner!—awake!—the enemy are nigh—they come! they come!"

More than once to that dark array did the Marquis and Hopton ride up rapidly, and urge them to finish the day, by storming the few breast-works that remained, but without any effect. It was strange that men could so soon pass from one extreme of feeling to the other: but the thirst of the fight, the very desire of revenge, that it was thought would have burned within them, moved them not. To the entreaties and even menaces of the commanders they returned only sullen glances

or words of defiance. The roar of the artillery rose on every side, as the struggle grew darker towards its close: more than once, the balls from the retiring enemy struck the skirts of the column; and then a stifled groan was heard; but the tears that streamed down the rugged features, the loud and bitter sob, the murmur of voices that rose at times from that serried phalanx, and then was hushed again, were for its commander alone. He had died, that the glory of the day might rest with the troops of his province; and they remembered his parting words; and cared not for success, now that he could no longer share it with them. He had what he sought, the deathless devotion of these thousands of gallant men, who felt, while they gazed on his lifeless form, that *there* lay the pride of their province, the guardian of its interests, the father of its people, the brightest and noblest character it had ever known.

The army of Waller was now retiring on all sides; but the tide of victory, once arrested, was not afterwards regained by the Royalists. The Republicans quitted their formidable position, but took post about demi-culverin shot distance behind some stone walls on the small plain, where

they maintained a tolerable order and countenance. The King's horse were so shaken, that only six hundred remained out of four times that number that had entered the field in the morning: the enemy, too, were so broken, and had suffered so severe a loss, that they dared not quit their stone defences to encounter their foe again on plain ground; so that each side continued looking at each other till night drew on, exchanging only a few shots from time to time from the ordnance. The night set in exceedingly dark, and the wind rose and swept rudely over the field of battle; not a star was visible in the wild and threatening sky; and the wearied troops, compelled to guard vigilantly the position that had been won, felt the long watches of an inclement night after a battle, harder to bear than the perils of the day. The wind rushed through the dark woods that had been so fiercely contested, with a mournful and startling sound; and voices often came on the blast, not those of triumph or joy, but the groans and cries for help of the wounded, who lay writhing beneath the branches.

At midnight the enemy silently began to draw off from the field, leaving lighted matches on the

stone walls behind which they had lain; they marched in great disorder and expedition to Bath, leaving behind them some ammunition, and great store of arms. When the day broke, the King's army found themselves entire masters of the field: the success, however, was dearly earned, and was not sufficiently decisive to be attended with any eminent advantages. After burying their dead, and setting up a trophy of their victory, the Royalists marched back to Marsfield, a place at a few miles' distance, repassing in the way the stream that had been the scene of the deadly cavalry skirmish the day before. It was a mortifying spectacle to see so many of their officers, as well as men, lying dead on the banks and in the water, which indeed was in some parts nearly choked with the number. Several were only wounded, and had remained there, helplessly listening to the noise of the battle above, or gazing on the moving columns, till night came down. Among them was Baskerville, the veteran captain who had served in the Low Countries under Vere: when he raised his eyes faintly to the shattered columns that defiled beside him, he said, "how true had been the words of his commander on the morning before, that Lansdowne

would not prove another Stratton; and where is he now?" he asked eagerly of the soldiers who had raised him from the ground; "I see him not here; he would not abandon the most experienced of his officers."

"There is your leader," said one of the soldiers, pointing to the deep phalanx of Cornish infantry, who marched apart, bearing the body of their commander in the midst, on a temporary bier of crossed pikes, and covered with the standard for a pall. They were resolved that no soil should cover it but their own native one, and that it should be borne by a strong detachment to his ancient castle of Stowe.

Note.—"But for the incredible boldness of the Cornish foot, this had proved a sad day. That which would have clouded any victory, and made the loss of others less spoken of, was the death of Sir Beville Granville, their commander. Leading up his pikes, he sustained three full charges of the enemy's horse, whom he entirely broke and routed, and gained the brow of the hill in the face of the cannon from the breastworks. But in the third charge, his horse giving ground, he was slain with a blow from a pole-axe."

CLARENDON, *last edit.*

CHAPTER VI.

"O she's ta'en a horse should be fleet at her speed,
And she's ta'en a sword should be sharp at her need;
Your castle stands strong, and your hopes soar on high,
But lady, fair lady, all blossoms to die."

SCOTT.

THE march of the Royalists after the battle was directed straight to Oxford, where a great part of their force arrived a few days after. It could not be called a triumphant return, since the victory of Lansdowne was by no means decisive, having caused the loss of many brave officers, and completely crippled the haughty and formidable body of cavalry, who had till then met with no reverse in the field. Waller also had advanced from his quarters, a few days after the action, with so much

audacity, that he had harassed the march of the Royalists, and sat down before Devizes, with the intention of forming the siege of that place. Here the greater part of the retiring infantry halted; while the cavalry, under the Marquis of Hertford, hastened on to Oxford, where they arrived in the middle of the night. The King had retired to rest, filled with sanguine hopes of the complete success of his western army, when a wearied and wounded Cavalier, who had preceded the main body, dismounted at the entrance of the Royal quarters, and hastily entering, demanded of the groom of the chamber, if his Majesty was yet retired to rest, and whether he might be favoured with an audience.

The King, hearing the voices, rang the silver bell that always stood by his bed-side; for in these stirring times his rest was frequently broken by sudden alarms; and Mr. Herbert, his favourite attendant, entered to know his pleasure. The former inquired who had arrived, and what meant the sudden noise in the street, and the voices without. Herbert replied, it was part of the cavalry returned from the fight with Waller; and that one of their chief officers, now in the antechamber,

craved an audience of his Majesty. The latter ordered him to be instantly admitted; and a few moments after, Colonel Trevanion was ushered, for the first time, into the presence of the monarch he had so often desired to behold, to whom he was already well known by reputation. The latter bent on one knee.

"You have been beaten," said Charles with his usual quickness, as he held out his hand for the officer to kiss. "I looked not for this at Hertford's hands, still less at that of my brave Cornish."

"You would have looked for it long in vain, my Liege," said the other.

"Then, why are you here thus quickly?" was the reply; "this is not the western road. Is Waller's force so broken and dispersed, that you find no enemy to deal with? Where is the Marquis?—and my faithful soldier, Sir Beville?"

"The day was a hot and bloody one," the other replied, "and the loss was severe ere the field was our own; but the army was shaken, and some of our chief officers have fallen.—I have a despatch from the Marquis for your Majesty's eye, and also a letter from my noble friend."

Charles took the packet and the letter, but

looked not at either, and fixed his dark eye full on the bearer.—" Is Maurice slain?"

" No, my Liege; he lives, though hurt in the fray."

" And your heroic leader, Colonel Trevanion, who was to my cause as a host?—why is this letter given me thus?—death has not stricken him down, I trust in God?"

" He is no more, Sire," said the latter; " he died at the head of his troops, after breaking through the cavalry and defences of Waller."

The King shaded his brow with his hand for a few moments, and his features assumed a yet more melancholy and pensive expression.—" We have bought our victory dearly," he said at last. " I know not how it is, but death ever delights to take away my most loved and trusty servants in the hour that I have the greatest need of them.—Poor Sir Beville!—I loved the man, Trevanion, for his generous and chivalric qualities; there was no selfishness about him. In my friendship there is a blank left that few can supply; and in all the West, the chief prop of Royalty is gone.—How died he, said you?"

"Even in the heart of the enemy, in the midst of the breastworks he had stormed."

"It was like him—it was like his brave and devoted heart. Were you near him when he died? Did the success of the day fail with him?"

"The success was gallantly followed up by the Earl of Carnarvon and Hopton, under the Marquis's eye. It had been more decisive, but the fall of my friend paralysed his troops. The Cornish thought less of victory than of him; and for me, my Liege, I would rather have laid beside him in the grave, than live to tell of his victory."

"Kneel," said the King, drawing his sword. The young soldier again bent the knee to his prince, who laid the sword on his shoulder.—"Rise, Sir John Trevanion," he said; "receive this as some recompence for your own gallantry in my service, at Stratton as well as on this fatal field. Now retire, for you are wearied, and have not, I see, escaped from the field unscathed. I will read the Marquis's letter, and the last, alas!—the last of your friend."

The King sat down on the couch, and drawing the silver lamp towards him, opened the letter of the Marquis: it was a brief detail of the action,

and the rapid retreat that succeeded it, with the various casualties sustained. Charles read it with little emotion, for the General was not a favourite. "He would have written with as much enthusiasm," he said, laying it aside, "if he had sent me a detail of his famous garden and foreign plants; he is a sincere and honourable man, but not the Bayard of his country." He then broke the letter of Granville, written a few hours before his death, and paused long as he perused it. "'Tis strange," he said, "how a gallant spirit can be felt after death in the lines it has traced! He seems to live before me now: I hear his voice, that ever counselled nobly for my cause; and look on that countenance, on which Heaven itself had stamped loyalty! Yet, why should I pity him? He sleeps amidst the tears and mourning of his people, of whom he was the idol; and I, his sovereign, were the hand of fate to strike me to-morrow, would my memory be embalmed by a nation's woe? Cruel and cursed destiny! that compels me to draw the sword against my people, and to scatter firebrands in my passage instead of blessings. Oh, thrice happy monarch, to whose ears the voice of rebellion never comes!—the voice

that harrows up each gentle feeling, and bids the blood of the high-born and the lowly flow like water at their prince's feet. 'Tis a fearful sacrifice! —and, England! the heart of thy king has shrunk from it like that of the victim at the altar—but it must be made! When, when will Heaven send its angel of peace, as to the patriarch of old, to say, 'Stay thine hand?' It is rebellion, in its fiercest and most obdurate form! France, Austria, Spain,—all urge me to crush the bold assumptions of my people, that, if endured, would scatter ashes on my kingly crown, and hew the limbs of my power in pieces, as the captive king was hewed by the prophet.—Forgive me, O God! forgive me," said the prince, clasping his hands, and raising his large melancholy eyes to heaven, "if I have erred in this thing, or have at any time gone beyond the bounds of mercy, in what I thought justice due to my throne—the throne thou gavest me—the head thou hast anointed." And then passing, as was often his manner, from the most powerful emotions to an attention to the smallest trifles, he cast his eyes on the timepiece on the opposite wall of the apartment. "It is not yet the hour," he said, "for my devotions." He then

paced slowly through the chamber; the strife of resignation with baffled ambition strongly pourtrayed on his features, till the hour of midnight, at which he was wont to retire, struck loudly. Charles stood a few moments striving to resume his composure of thought, and banish the world and its rending interests from his affections; and then knelt down, and remained for an hour engaged in earnest and sincere devotion.

The light of the silver lamp fell on the dejected yet princely countenance of the suppliant, his chesnut hair, and large grey eye, that at this moment seemed full of his own or his people's woes. There was, indeed, that singular and nameless expression on the King's features, that, to the eyes of others, seemed to presage some awful doom impending over him; that he was a man marked for calamity. There were moments in his life in which he seemed to be conscious of this himself. Whether this was the case at present is uncertain; but the stern chiefs of the Republicans would have spared their epithets of the "profane and godless King," had they witnessed his long, intense, yet subdued emotion, and heard the hushed and trembling accents that stole ceaselessly through

the apartment. It was a splendid instance of the delusions in which the human heart may be permitted to veil itself, that the prince, who was daily and nightly, as now, one of the most humble penitents and faithful suppliants at the mercy seat, could, the next moment, place himself at the head of his nobles in the headlong charge on his people—could forget at times the word and pledge he had given the latter, and sally from one beaten field to another, with the patience and courage of a martyr, in the defence of what he believed to be his sacred and inviolable rights.

Trevanion, in the mean time, had been conducted by one of the gentlemen of the bed-chamber to another apartment, where refreshments were set before him; and while partaking of them, he was surrounded by a number of nobles and officers of the court, curious and eager to know the particulars of the recent fight. Wounded and sorely harassed with the sleepless nights and days of the retreat from Marsfield, he could reply but briefly to the inquiries put to him on all sides; but his answers were sufficient to damp entirely the confidence of the Cavaliers. The fact that Waller, with a numerous army, was within

a few marches of the city, and about to press the siege of Devizes, was sufficient to excite the worst surmises of the future. Although the ebb and flow of the King's affairs had long been marvellously changeable and precarious, the whole court had looked forward to that general's defeat as a positive certainty. The shattered remains of the cavalry entering the city soon after, confirmed the darkest reports.

Sick to the heart, for the first time, of war and all its attendants, Trevanion gladly retired to rest; but the rest he sought refused to come at his wish, and o'er his quiet pillow, the first he had for many nights enjoyed, many a deep and warring feeling swept resistlessly. Even the sorrow for his friend yielded at times to the elation that the late interview with his King had inspired. It was delightful to receive at last the meed of all his toils—the goal for which he had panted was gained; and the parting words of Eleanor seemed to his ardent fancy to be realized, "that he would soon revel in the smiles of princes." Day broke at last on many a breast unquiet as his own. Charles felt all the bitterness of his situation; seldom since the civil strife, had the

morn ushered in a gloomier prospect. The Earl of Essex, with his whole army, was within ten miles of the city; inactive, it was true; but every hour might bring him before the gates; and Waller was only thirty miles off: should these forces join, he was irretrievably lost. The presence-chamber was thronged with officers and courtiers at an early hour; and the King, after he had again passed an hour in his devotions, entered the hall. It might be said, however, that his was the most serene and cheerful countenance among the assembly: he even joined in some mirthful passages with the Earl of Pembroke; and bade the Marquis of Hertford, whose aspect was at this moment more grave than it was even its wont, to be of good cheer; that the sky was always the brightest and cheariest after a storm.

"You have done gallantly in the fight of Lansdowne, Marquis," he said; though some of the blood shed there might well have been spared." The prince's olive aspect and ungracious figure at that moment made its appearance.—"Maurice," said the King, stretching out his hand with a smile towards him, "we are glad to see you in our presence again; the more so, as it was reported you were griev-

ously hurt:—And you, my Lord of Carnarvon,—you are welcome; ready equipped again for the field, I see: we can ill spare you from the court, now that the coming of our Queen asks for the presence of our most accomplished and travelled cavaliers."

The nobleman requested to accompany the relief under Lord Wilmot, that he understood was to march the same day for Devizes. At that moment Trevanion made his appearance.

"You are not also about to entreat leave to join Wilmot, Sir John?" said the King seriously; "rest and ease are at present more fitting for your state: remain near our person; I would fain have one of my faithful Cornish leaders in my court."

Great as was the show of zeal in this assembly, it was too evident to a close observer that the seeds of discontent and jealousy were deeply sown in the minds of many of the courtiers. The speedy approach of the Queen, who had her favourites at court, and would, no doubt, resume her influence over the King's councils, added to the acrimony of these feelings.

In the present strait, the native energy of Charles's mind was conspicuous, and seemed to

rise more elastic and vigorous as the prospect grew darker every moment. Before mid-day, Lord Wilmot was despatched with fifteen hundred horse and some artillery, with a command to relieve Devizes at all hazards; and on the same day Charles left Oxford with two regiments to meet the Queen; and many a secret prayer that she might never enter the walls of Oxford, accompanied the deceitful smiles and blessings of his courtiers, at parting. It was not, perhaps, the part that a less uxorious monarch would have taken, when his city and court were threatened with two strong armies within a day's march, to turn his back on each for a time, and hasten, by a march of two days, to seek his long absent consort. Every hour might bring Essex and Waller to the gates, and scarcely a regiment within to resist them; while Charles was flying on the wings of an affection that time had never chilled or changed, and which his increasing misfortunes made him deem, perhaps, his only stay on earth.

There were many things conduced to render this meeting with his Queen a welcome and delightful one. A long time had elapsed since she had left the kingdom, driven thence in part by the

persecutions of the Commons. Ever since her departure, she had used the most devoted endeavours to aid the King's affairs, by her personal influence at a foreign court, and by pawning all her jewels to raise money for his service. And now she was drawing near with a fine and seasonable reinforcement of troops, which she had assembled around her. The present imposing condition in which she approached Oxford afforded a striking contrast to the desolate plight in which she had quitted her kingdom. After being driven about for several days by a furious tempest, she had landed at a small and obscure place on the coast, almost alone, and eagerly sought a few hours' rest after the calamities of the voyage. During the night, however, two or three of the Parliament's ships cast anchor near the shore, and commenced a sharp cannonade on the quarters of the ill-fated Queen and her scanty retinue. "While still in my bed," she wrote the King, "the bullets whistled so loud about me, and several of them passed quite through the house, so that, cloathed as I could be, I went on foot some little distance out of the town, under the shelter of a ditch, whither, before I could get, the cannon bullets fell thick about us,

and a serpent was killed within twenty paces of me." The present was, perhaps, the most triumphant moment of Henrietta's life: she advanced at the head of the army, which, by great exertions, she had gathered together at York, consisting of three thousand foot, thirty companies of horse, and a hundred waggons of money, provisions, and ammunition. She was attended by the gallant Earl of Montrose, afterwards so renowned for his exploits in the North; and the Earl of St. Alban's commanded her regiment of guards; the infantry was led by the perfidious Leslie. It needed not the charm of beauty and talent to give eclat to a Queen's approach, in this martial and commanding attitude; these, however, she possessed in an eminent degree; and when Charles, who had hastened day and night, saw the force afar off in full march, and the Royal banner borne before his devoted consort, his dark and melancholy countenance was lighted with a vivid joy. "I am content," he had written to one of his favourite nobles, "to be tossed, weather-beaten, and shipwrecked, so as she may be in a safe harbour. Her sympathy with me in afflictions will make her virtues shine with greater lustre, as stars in the

darkest night; for she loves me, not my fortunes." All his late reverses and blighted prospects vanished in a moment from his thoughts, as he spurred his horse over the plain, followed by a few of his cavalry. The Queen advanced from the ranks on her palfrey to meet him: it was a moment of exquisite joy to both. Calamity had rendered each more dear to the other than in the hours of their grandeur and prosperity: never in his palace of Whitehall had Charles gazed on the proud and beautiful features of his princess with such rapture as now, that he met her, a restored exile, on this wild and desolate plain.

"Henri," his name of endearment, "you bring a gallant array to welcome me; it is more fitting you grant me admission into your ranks as a fugitive prince.—My poor forces cut a sorry figure compared with yours."

"It was right," said the Queen proudly, "that the exile should return with power to claim her right, and not as a lonely fugitive. Is it not a gallant force, Charles, and nobly officered?—thanks to the efforts of my Lord of Montrose, for whom I must intreat your Majesty's favour and countenance."

"Your request was needless for one of the most faithful and devoted of my servants," said the King, as he kindly greeted the Earl, who rode, proud of his charge, by the side of his Royal mistress: "thanks, however, for this fresh and timely service; it shall not be forgotten."

A vivid emotion came to Montrose's dark and sanguine features, as he expressed his perfect devotion to his Majesty's service, as if a presentiment of his future triumphs in the Royal cause had then crossed his thoughts.

"You are come in the hour of need," said the King, glancing his eye over the well-appointed force; "for, in truth, I am hardly bested.—God grant you be the herald of victory to my arms, Henrietta! and why should I doubt it? This poor train is all I could summon to welcome your coming. Waller on one side, and Essex on the other, like two dark clouds, threaten every moment to overwhelm me."

"Then we will on," said the Queen; "every moment is precious.—But where is your brave Western army; they are not scattered, surely, before Waller?"

"No, they were victors," said the King; "but

their victory cost them dear: here is one of their faithful leaders, whom I must present to your Majesty.—Colonel Trevanion, you have well served one sovereign; you will not refuse doing homage to the other,—to one who will thank you more warmly even than myself."

The latter sprang from his horse and knelt beside the palfrey of Henrietta, who fixed her eyes intently on his pallid countenance and elegant form, and held out her small and fair hand, which he pressed devotedly to his lips.

"I have heard of your fight of Stratton," she said; "'twas one of the noblest services that brave men ever did their King."

"Your Majesty forgets," said the Earl of St. Alban's, "that on the place of this happy meeting was held the gallant fight of last year, the first of your battles.—You now stand on the ground of Edgehill. There, on the left, is the spot where your Majesty charged and the rebels gave way: some of their scattered weapons remain there even now."

It was as the Earl said; and the singular circumstance of meeting his Queen again on the very field of that action, had wholly escaped Charles's notice in the ardour of his feelings.

"You speak truth, St. Alban's," he said, looking eagerly round; "it is even so.—Henrietta, see you that rising ground on the left? there Rupert broke the left wing of the rebels, and lost the victory by his mad pursuit amidst the inclosures in front: their foot broke in on me while surrounded with a slender guard; Lindesay fell while defending me; and the standard-bearer, Sir Edward Verney, was killed at my feet. The night was passed on this desolate waste, without tent, shelter, or refreshment; and the excessive cold was keener than the stroke of the sword; and, when morning dawned, we were a faint and dispirited host."

The Queen gazed on the field, the first, but not the most successful of her husband, with intense curiosity; and, putting her palfrey to a canter, rode to the rising ground on the left, to survey it to greater advantage. It was a wild and waste scene, on which not a tree or shrub grew, intersected by ditches and inclosures, amidst which rose the eminence of Edgehill. Many of the relics of the fight were still on the ground: scattered weapons, broken pieces of armour, even still attested the long and sharp pursuit of Rupert's cavalry. A single and wretched dwelling stood on

the ground which the rebels had occupied; it was that wherein the Earl of Lindesay, after being taken, had died in the night for want of surgical aid, and from the extreme and cruel cold. Here the first blood had been drawn in a stricken field; and the most painful emotions were mingled with those of a more exciting nature in their Majesties' minds, as they regarded in silence the scene. Little time was given, however, to thoughts of this kind, as the waste now began to be covered with people, drawn together by curiosity from the neighbouring town of Keinton and other places. They quickly gathered towards the spot; the old and the young, the blooming peasant girl, as well as the aged matron halting painfully along, eager to behold their sovereigns. Surrounding the rising ground, they rent the air with their acclamations. The spectacle, at this moment, would have inspired the most wavering mind with loyal feelings. The fair and gallant princess, who sat her horse with admirable grace, was listening with a kindling eye as Charles pointed out the various places of the eventful fight. The Royal standard waved above their heads, and behind was a train of nobles and chief officers; while the fine

body of troops the Queen had brought stood in ranks on each side. With a look in which sadness and exultation were strangely blended, the King, at last, bade the force put itself in motion, and, placing himself at its head, beside his consort and her ladies, the array moved on at a rapid pace towards Oxford. The shouts and acclamations of the people followed them over the plain: Charles could not hide from himself, however, the remembrance that these very people, when he retreated in evil plight from the field on the morning after the battle, a few months before, had followed him with execrations and insults.

"They were to me, at that moment, bitter as the curse of Shimei," he said to the Queen; "and now they are turned to blessings."

He was not aware that the star of his fortunes was even now most propitious, and that, in the same hour he met Henrietta, Lord Wilmot gained a decisive victory over Waller at Roundway, on the very day after he had led the horse from Oxford to relieve the town of Devizes. Never was any thing more welcome and seasonable than this "blessed defeat," as it was called, which en-

tirely retrieved the wretched state of Charles's affairs.

As they drew within view of the city on the third morning, the messengers despatched with the intelligence were seen approaching at their utmost speed, who brought the letter written by Wilmot from the field, which rendered this "a day of perfect joy to the King," who did not fail to believe, that the coming of Henrietta, from which many of his nobles had augured ill, had brought success and triumph along with it.

As they drew nigh the city, they were met by crowds pouring forth: it was evident that the face of things was entirely changed; no more dark and discouraging rumours, sad and dejected faces in the streets, and the momentary looking for the enemy at the gates. Joy was in every countenance, and loyalty on every tongue. The Earl of Essex, whose strong force had been, for several days, within a few hours' distance, had suddenly, quite disheartened with the loss at Roundway, retreated, with a great loss of reputation, to Uxbridge.

Before entering the gates, they were received by

the city authorities, and the order of the procession was arranged. The entry into the city is termed, by the journal of the time, "magnificent and triumphant;" the soldiers lined each side of the streets, and every house was thronged with spectators. The windows were filled with well-dressed ladies, who hailed with enthusiasm the return of the long absent and ill-treated Queen; flowers and garlands were lavished on her head as the carriage moved slowly along, and handkerchiefs wildly waved, while the acclamations filled the air. Among all the fair and admired who were gathered on that day, there were few fairer or more attractive women than Henrietta; now entering on her thirty-fourth year, and with the freshness of her beauty still unbroken by the calamities that had of late pressed heavily on her spirit. Her countenance had a decided French character, and this abated, in the minds of many, the influence her personal attractions would otherwise have gained her: the dark, sprightly, and wandering eye, the witching smile, and the air of levity, as her enemies said, but which her friends more justly deemed of gaiety and liveliness, which a foreign court and education had

early implanted. There was in her features, however, a spirit and princely command, that put the spectators in mind of those of her renowned father, Henry the Fourth, to whom she bore a strong resemblance. Trumpets and loud music sounded as the procession passed along: the great pensioners came first; next the heralds and serjeants at arms; then the chief generals. Rupert and the Duke of Richmond rode on each side the coach that contained their Majesties. They were condemned, however, to stop about midway, and endure one of those ordeals to which Royalty, in its happiest moments, is sometimes exposed. The town-clerk advanced on foot, and while the cavalcade stood still, he made a suitable and dignified speech, in his own eyes, on the memorable occasion; which having finished, he presented the Queen with a purse of gold. Henrietta took the heavy gift in her small and beautiful hand, and thought, probably, at the moment, of the loss of her own jewels, which she had sold in Holland to raise a few thousand pounds for the King. She returned a gracious answer to the donor, who was allowed to kiss the fingers that had clasped his gift, and the procession again advanced. At

Christ Church it was received by the Vice Chancellor and the heads of houses in grand procession; and at Merton College, where the progress of the day terminated, an oration was pronounced in a somewhat more eloquent and classic strain than that of the loyal and devoted town-clerk. A suit of apartments had been hastily fitted up in Merton College for the reception and residence of the Queen; and though less splendid and royal in their air and array than Whitehall, that had so long been her home, she entered them with a light step and elated heart; for the dawn of a brighter day had begun, and the "dark clouds of sorrow," in her husband's words, seemed to have rolled away for ever.

CHAPTER VII.

"And courtly grandeur bright
The fancy may delight;
But never, never can come near the heart."

In Merton College, the suit of apartments called the Warden's lodgings had been prepared for the Queen, and here the Court might now be said to be established. The King passed the greater part of his time there; and her influence in the Royal councils was so well known, that most of the generals and nobles were to be seen daily in attendance. Her late misfortunes had not in the slightest degree tamed her spirit, or abated the love of intrigue and favouritism that had already wrought much mischief to the cause. Henrietta was well fitted, by nature

and habit, to shine in an assembly like that now gathered around her, that might be rather called a select than a numerous or splendid one. The disorder of the King's affairs, the scantiness of his finances, and the withdrawing of several nobles to the side of the Commons, had conspired to throw a partial gloom, as well as constraint, over the Court. Charles, too, appeared with more grace in the cabinet, and in the field also, than he did in the circles of his courtiers. The mildness and evenness of his temper and manners, did not atone for their want of gaiety and spirit. Unlike his more fortunate son, who succeeded in disguising the utter worthlessness and hollowness of his heart under an attractive outside, Charles had sometimes the air of being out of his element even in the assemblies of his own Court; and some even thought that the mitre of the See of Rome would have sat more becomingly on his sad and severe brow than the crown of England. Even the lighter passages of discourse, and even of wit, that he sometimes attempted, never came with a free and courtly grace from his lips. This was caused partly by his occasional stammering, his slow and sententious utterance, and that his melancholy eye

often contradicted what the sweet smile in his grave and handsome features averred. There could not be a greater contrast in the manner and spirit of two persons, than between their Majesties, as they stood side by side in the saloon of the Warden's apartments, courteously receiving and answering the many compliments and congratulations of the courtiers. It was a few days after the victory of Roundway, and their happy return to Oxford, and each eye seemed bright, and each word confident, in the assembly. The number of ladies present was far fewer than that of cavaliers. Among them, however, were some of the finest and most elegant women of the age, who still looked on their Queen with attachment and admiration.

The latter had not entirely consulted the tastes of the people to whom she was returned, in being accompanied by two French maids of honour, as they were now termed; but in Holland they had been received with joy as early and welcome associates; and by the Marquis de Vieu Ville, a French nobleman who had rendered her important services in Holland. The former had been favourites of the young princess ere she had quitted the court of Versailles;

and, with little of the inconstancy or want of feeling for which their nation was often reproached, they hastened to their royal friend with eagerness during her transient exile in Holland. The King had, a few years before, suddenly sent all his consort's foreign attendants back to their own land, in spite of her entreaties, on suspicion of their intrigues. Now, however, had she come with the whole French or Dutch court at her heels, they would have been welcomed. The elder of these ladies was of the Queen's own age; but her companion, Mademoiselle de Vieu Ville, the Marquis's daughter, was at least five years younger. Unlike most of the women of her country, nature had given her, in common with the princess she attended, a fair and delicate complexion. Such was the life and charm of her conversation, that a stranger did not for some time discover that a large, dark, and subduing eye, regular and finely expressive features, with a commanding figure, did not constitute absolute beauty. She had the manners and tone of feeling of a female of the highest rank, with the advantage of having lived at court during the regency of Catharine de Medicis, a woman

whose high intellect and aspiring spirit had no equals in any court of the age.

The Court of Oxford could not but present, at this moment, a rather singular contrast to the brilliant and striking one of the Tuilleries, which these foreigners had lately left. Divines of every dignity and degree, from the bishops and vice-chancellor down to the fellow, were mingled with nobles and intriguing or discontented courtiers, and a few of the still loyal members of the Commons. Rarely, however, had an assemblage of choicer spirits been gathered together in so confined a circle. Since the days of the Crusades, the character of the nobles of England had never shone forth so illustriously as now, by their heroism in the field, and their devotedness to the cause of their unfortunate master.

The eye of the Queen wandered with the highest satisfaction over the brilliant crowd of brave and high-born men who now drew nigh to congratulate her return. It was not every look and word, however, of flattery and welcome that expressed the feelings of the heart. Henrietta knew this full well, and that many a noble wished her, from his

soul, amidst the dykes and flats of Holland, rather than by her husband's side. Nearest to her person stood Jermyn, her chief favourite, afterwards promoted, by her influence, to be Earl of St. Alban's. Many a malignant look was directed at this man, about whose intimacy with his mistress whispers already began to be afloat. It is more than probable that they were at this period perfectly groundless, and that Henrietta's often levity of manner and discourse gave a handle to the slanders of her enemies.

"Falkland," said the Queen eagerly, as that nobleman approached, "it gives me joy to see our poor Court honoured by your presence: I deemed you were in the North with Newcastle; we could ill spare you at this moment. I must present you to my friend Vieu Ville, to whom you are no stranger, for the fame of the flower of our nobles is as well known at the Tuilleries as in Whitehall."

The latter coloured deeply as he replied, that he was too retired a being to enjoy so wide-spread a name.—"Your Majesty knows," he said, "how dear my country dwelling and household gods

have been to me, so that they have deemed me a monk rather than a courtier."

"Ay, Falkland, that is true, and likewise that the attractive recluse has seduced many to forsake both the court and college to come to his solitude and hold converse with him.—Beware of this man," she said to her companion; "beneath that calm and downcast eye and pensive smile there lurks a world of witchery; not the less to be dreaded that his heart has hitherto been armour of proof against female charms, though he has roved through Italy and our own dear land."

The fair foreigner gazed earnestly at the man whose praises she had so often heard: he was thought too to be eminently beautiful; but his sweet, thoughtful, melancholy features did not please her eye, and she soon turned it away.

"Who is that noble-looking man," she asked, "whose mien, if met with in a desert, you might swear was the image of a princely soul?"

"Ah! that is the Oriental traveller, the gallant Carnarvon," said the Queen, "whose spirit would have better suited the age of chivalry than this

degenerate one. He has travelled through Turkey, and Syria, and the sultry East, that have left the marks of their clime, as you see, on his sun-burnt and handsome countenance. He is just returned from the victory of Roundway, to which he mainly contributed."

"Prince, you are welcome," said the Queen, with a bold tone, and a manner totally altered, as Rupert drew near; "you are not fresh from Roundway, I think?"

"I have been deeply engaged in the North, which prevented my having the honour of attending your Majesty on your landing."

"It is an honour easily dispensed with," said the Queen, who could not bear Rupert, of whose influence and reputation she was extremely jealous, and who often crossed her designs. "And where does your Highness intend next?—is it for the siege of Bristol or Gloucester?—The latter, be assured, will prove another Troy. Wilmot, you see, has got great fame in the open field. It was a noble fight, that of Roundway."

Rupert had long conceived a dislike to this nobleman, and his late eminent success had not diminished it. "It is not yet fixed," he replied,

with one of his dark smiles, "where our next service shall be. Bristol must fall first, as it will quickly do; and then the King intends to sit down before Gloucester:—but if it prove another Troy to our arms, it is because there is another Helen in the strife." He then bowed, and turned to speak to the King, by whom he was most graciously received.

Henrietta coloured to the brow, and cast a scornful glance at the retiring general. "That dark-faced and wary Saxon," she said to her companion, "has already done mischief enough to the cause; and there he goes to hatch some more of his ill-starred plans, or spoil those of wiser heads by his boyish rashness in the field.—But here is better metal," she continued, as Trevanion approached to kiss her hand.—"Vieu Ville, I must make you acquainted with my brave Cornishman: this is he who stormed the Hill of Stratton with a handful of followers, and drove the rebels like chaff before him. He is a demi-savage, as you see, and comes from an unknown land, a wild and desert promontory that juts into the Atlantic, and is lashed for ever with its waves. Yet the people can talk and fight; and he has

actually found his way from his wild home to the Tuilleries, and has conversed with our beloved mother."

"Have you, in truth, been in the presence of Marie de Medicis?" said the lady, in the sweetest tone of her voice, fixing, at the same time, an admiring look on the spirited and elegant features of Trevanion, still pallid from his wounds.

"I have had the pleasure," said the latter, "of seeing and conversing with the Queen Regent. There is such a resemblance, that when I look on her Majesty, I fancy her Royal mother is again before me."

"You are right," said the lady; "there is a striking resemblance in the spirit and temper, as well as in the features: the same haughty eye and dignity of aspect; the same love of sway, embodied in a small, fair, and delicate form."

"She is, in truth, a noble lady; the blood of her father seems to mantle in that delicate cheek, and his dominant spirit is in that wayward and imperious glance."

"Name not that theme!" she replied, in emotion; "speak not, I entreat you, of the ill-fated Henry; the very mention of his name recalls each

circumstance of the bloody deed: she was a child when it was done; and I well remember the horror that grew up with her, on any accidental mention of the deed.—It is strange—but whether from early fearful impressions, she believes that a fatality hangs over the house; but let us call a more cheerful subject,—how liked you the French court?"

"I do not love your charmed palace or your gay city to excess; it may be a want of taste."

"Not love them!" said the other, "mon Dieu! but for the word of her Majesty, I should doubt your being a true knight: then you cleave still to your wild rocks, and see more beauty in the fierce waves that beat on them, than in our cascades, gardens, and statues?"

"I may not say that," he replied: "I would not so soon lose your good opinion for ever. Gardens and palaces, it may be, please me less than the native magnificence of my own land: but the fair noblesse, the living forms of light and grace that dwell there, may never be forgotten; they haunt the memory like splendid visions,—ay, they would turn my native wastes, did they wander there, into a lovely land."

"Ah! say you so?—you are not wholly a barba-

rian then; and you speak my own loved tongue with a pure accent, which few of your countrymen do."

"He has not entirely the air of one," said the Queen, turning again towards them; "he made his escape in time, you see, Vieu Ville, from his western deserts: so must you not do from us, Sir John; I will leave you to entertain my friend here, while I go to disturb Rupert's colloquy with his Majesty, that has lasted long enough."

She then addressed the latter, to whom the Prince was earnestly speaking. Charles turned from him instantly to his consort, with an expression of countenance that had more of the adoration of a lover than the attachment of a husband, and listened to her words as if they had been delicious music to his ear.

"Where is my Lord Wilmot?" she said; "I hear he is returned to the city, and wish to see him: surely he deserves the most honourable welcome after such a signal service.—Your Highness, perhaps, is better instructed as to his movements; they have been rapid and resistless of late."

Rupert's swarthy countenance seemed to kindle for a moment with anger and jealousy; but he

instantly repressed them, for his uncle's calm and severe eye was on him. With the greatest courtesy he replied, that he would go and seek the Lord Wilmot, since it was her Majesty's desire.

"It is not a meet hour now, Charles," she said gaily, "for deep councils or crooked plans, of which Rupert's head is always full.—Is not this a gallant assembly around us? See, these men's looks are full of confidence and devotion to the throne. A few weeks since, I was an exile in that vile region of dykes and ditches, treating with their plodding and sordid natives.—Ah! St. Denis save me from such a fate again! The spirit of those Hollanders infects the very air, that floats sadly and heavily around them. Your letters to me, too, were full of dejection. Once more, thank Heaven! noble and applauding faces are around us, and the path to your throne is bright and triumphant."

"Let us not be too certain: I have learned," said the King, "to mistrust Fortune, so highly has she raised me one moment, but to cast me down more fatally the next. A few hours since, and never was crowned head more beset with thorns: each eye was turned on it in sorrow and despair. The people of this good city of Oxford are carried

to and fro like a leaf in the blast, and now they deem me securely fixed on my throne. Already these heads of houses harass me about new dignities and privileges."

At this moment the Vice-Chancellor drew nigh, in his full robes of ceremony, to pay his obeisance to their Majesties, followed by a small train of portly churchmen, whose full cheeks and goodly array showed that the hungry hand of war, amidst the spoliation of Lords and Commons, had spared their heritage.

"No more speeches or homilies, I trust," said the Queen aside to Jermyn. "I vowed a silver chalice to St. Ursula, on the day of our entering, if she would preserve me from such another visitation."

The King listened with courtesy to the words of the Chancellor, with whom he soon entered into a short discourse, the fluent and sonorous voice of the divine contrasting strongly with the slow and sententious tones of the King; and his reverend array, and full-wigged brow moving alternately towards the light and brilliant figure of the Queen, whose accents at intervals broke on the dull and solemn sounds, like those of an Æolian harp on the

deep tones of the organ. Trevanion in the mean time had been entirely engaged with his fair associate, whose powers of conversation he could not enough admire. During his residence in Paris, he had mingled in the society of several of the most engaging and beautiful women in the French court; yet there was a brilliancy of fancy and a vein of eloquence in this foreigner, that he had never known before in woman. And these were so aided by that dark and conquering eye, and all the finished manner of a woman who has been long accustomed to have homage paid to her charms. She artfully turned the discourse to what she knew would be dearest to a soldier's heart, the freeing his native province from invasion, and the heroic death of his friend. To a stranger's eye it would have been difficult to discern whose feelings were most engaged by the recital: the ardent Frenchwoman was struck by the deep emotion with which he spoke, and the resistless eloquence of his detail. Amidst the chivalry of her own countrymen, than which there could be none more gallant or famed, she had seen little of this generous and devoted attachment that was here so conspicuous.

She looked again and again at the figure and features of Trevanion, and drank in each word that fell on her ear; so much does deep feeling, simply and forcibly expressed, strike on the most thoughtless and dissipated mind.

Their Majesties were soon after invited to honour the banquet prepared in the large and ancient hall of the college with their presence, where a separate table was prepared for them; and the numerous company sat at the lower tables, as chance or fancy dictated; nobles, courtiers, ministers of state, and church dignitaries, in glorious disarray, but all seeming to share in the exultation of the present moment, aided, no doubt, by the rich and substantial fare that loaded the board. The haughty churchman might well cast his eye around with complacency, at sight of the sovereigns of one of the most powerful kingdoms in Europe, seeking shelter and hospitality beneath his roof: it was their best and favourite asylum in their hour of distress, as well as in their gleam of prosperity; for of the nobles who were present, the greater part were more ready to shed their blood for their master in the field, than they were

to open their purses, or to offer their mansions and domains for his resting-place.

It was evening: the banquet-hall had already been some hours deserted, and the nobles and military leaders had by degrees dropped off; a few only, unwilling to quit the old and generous wines that continued to sparkle in the flaggons, yet lingered behind. The evening being very sultry, the large and well-shaped garden of the college was resorted to by some of the inmates. Few cared, however, at this moment to seek the luxury and coolness of its shaded walks, in deference to a small group that was seen to pace to and fro beneath the ancient oak-trees. In this, the King might be easily distinguished by his quick movement. So rapid indeed was his pace, as was his wont, that his two attendants could with difficulty at times keep up with him, while he continued to converse with them at intervals.

"So, Jermyn," said the King, "you found the Dutch slow in their advances. Shame on their niggard spirits! that would not afford a loan to a crowned head, till they had seen the sparkling of the jewels!—Noble-minded woman! there is none

like her through Europe's wide extent. On what earthly throne, Jermyn, will you find such constancy—such resolve?"

"Thrones, your Majesty, have seldom been the resting-places of unshaken love."

"Speak not of princes, Jermyn, but seek the more humble and domestic homes of the people, where fierce rivalries and courtly sorrows do not come. Does one of them hold a more devoted wife, a more impassioned spirit, that no reverses can change, or storms destroy? See you this oak?" he said, striking with a small switch he held, one of the most ancient tenants of the grove; "As soon might the noble tree yield to that blow, as their King will yield to the demands and daring pretensions of his people; yet I would throw my sceptre to the winds, see the throne of the Stuarts trampled by the feet of obscure rebels, and go forth even as one of the servitors of this college—poor, friendless, and dependent—than give up her love, the star of my life, my joy in defeat, insult, and sorrow! They shall sever us no more—they shall no more break the bonds that God has joined. Wily, dark, designers—

you know where your arrow would pierce the deepest."

"Better, my poor King," thought Richmond, "that you loved less, or that the sea still parted you. Now will this invincible obstinacy of temper, that is like a shield of adamant between him and his people, yield in a moment to the slightest humour of the Queen, like the autumn leaf that falls at his feet. He 'd rather lose another Edgehill than quit Henrietta's side for a day."

"Look at this ancient pile," said Charles, stopping short; "these dull and solemn walls and courts; the rich, grove-like, and silent garden they inclose: think you this a blest seclusion, an enviable scene, my Lords:—no cares or tumults—no waves or storms of life beat here. By the crown of my fathers! I 'd rather be in the shock of battle, or a fugitive through my own realms, with the fiercest vial of wrath poured on my head—I 'd rather be the lowliest peasant that cowers beneath his roof of reeds and wretchedness—than dwell alone!—than see the day and the night come, as they come here, and find me unmated, unloved, and drear as that withered oak, from which falls

no shadow or life. What think you the woman merits, who, in a foreign land, amidst dangers and contumely, rallied succours for her husband's throne, and returned with a gallant force, resolved to dare even battle for his sake? Had you seen her in that moment of triumph, Richmond, at the head of her troops, with the Royal standard waving beside her, you would have said, that what Margaret of Anjou dared for the love of power, the Queen dared for the love of me.—But hark! my Lords," he added, in a more solemn tone, "it is the hour of evening prayer; the deep tones of the organ in the chapel warn us of its arrival:" and taking off his hat, he slowly approached the place of worship, that opened by a narrow passage into the garden, followed by the two noblemen, who exchanged glances with each other, that expressed little zeal for the service they could not escape.

"This is quite irregular," said Richmond to the other, "and a dangerous novelty to give way to. Sundays and Tuesdays I have always compounded for, as I marked a frown on the King's face when I played truant; but the evening after a banquet, and in this place of gloom!—by St.

George! I 'll doff my casque and plume for the cassock and full sleeves with the morn."

"Then, my Lord, you will have pity on me," replied Jermyn; "morn and night sees the same eternal round of exercises within the King's abode. Often have I returned with him from a long day's hunt, weary and famished, and the board was quickly crowned with a delicious repast. Ere a morsel touched his lips, or one drop of generous wine was quaffed, we were obliged to listen to the liturgy, read by a divine, whose dull, weary tones, deepened by a full meal, quickened our hunger and thirst into agony. Such is ever the King's custom, whose pious spirit would have suited better the days of the Crusades, than these degenerate days; he leaves St. Louis, or even Godfrey of Bouillon, far behind."

"But the latter was a conqueror, and had a hero's soul," said Richmond drily, as they entered the chapel.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Long lost to all but memory's aching sight,
It points out every ray
Of hope and peace we 've lost upon the way!"
MOORE.

HENRIETTA might be said to be occupied somewhat similarly to her nobles, but with greater zest perhaps, in an inner and lofty apartment in the Warden's lodgings, that looked out on the garden, and whose massive and embrasured windows were almost shrouded by the thick foliage of the trees without. This she called her oratory. The symbols of her faith were there, for the first time, no doubt, within the hallowed precincts of the Warden's lodgings;—not but that the noble

resident deemed the latter ennobled by the array that was now tastefully disposed around. On a table, beside a richly-illumined missal, were laid a golden crucifix, and a small painting of the Virgin, that seemed, by its antique hue, to be valued more for its intrinsic virtues than for the richness of its ornaments. The Queen unclasped a gold chain from around her neck, and placed a small image, exquisitely carved in ivory, before her. "It is long since these eyes have dared to gaze on thee; since sunrise, amidst these heretics and church-men, thou hast been to me as a forbidden thing. But my mother counselled me well not to offend these hardened men, or risk, like Mary Stuart, the loss of a crown, by thrusting hallowed things rashly before them.—Hark! already the sounds of their worship come from below, and Charles is there, kneeling amidst his wavering subjects and faithless nobles, devout as St. Antony in the desert, while they are plotting fresh desertions.—Such is heresy! never to be trusted."

At this moment a gentle knock was heard at the door, and the Marquis de Vieu Ville entered, accompanied by his beautiful daughter. The former was a man far past the prime of life, of a

severe and impressive character of countenance, from which the long experience he had had in courts had not taken its openness and candour. His white hair fell thinly over his temples; but his figure was still erect and firm, and the dimness of age had not yet touched his large and clear eye. Strongly attached to the Queen from hereditary feeling, and a tried and keen observer of the characters of men, he had timely warned her of many of the evils which her imperious and intriguing disposition had precipitated. Even now, in her failing and wavering fortunes, he had come with her, resolved to abide the issue of the strife. He had rendered the Queen important services in Holland; and what gave him yet more influence over her mind, was his having passed the greater part of his life in the court of her parents. The evening being sultry, the Queen had laid aside the head-dress she had worn at the banquet, and her very light and luxuriant hair fell on her snowy shoulders, and her eye was turned thoughtfully to the massive window, through whose shroud of foliage the rays of the setting sun struggled to find their way. The traces of sorrow were on her

cheeks, or rather of wounded and harassed feelings. In one hand she clasped the golden crucifix strongly, as if seeking there for aid which she knew she had not in herself, while her small rich lips were closely compressed.

"You are come in good hour, Marquis," she said, "you are ever a friend in need—the only one the Queen of England can now boast, who is not swayed by evil counsellors or ambitious nobles."

"The sweetest employment the decline of my life can know," said the former, "is to devote it to your Majesty's service, as its youth has been to that of your ancestors."

"Pity, Marquis, that the flowers should have been reaped early, and the sharp thorn alone reserved for your gray hairs!—And for me, St. Denis! ere the flush and pride of youth are departed, cares and ills rush on me like a torrent, enough to turn these tresses white, and dim the eye that has calmly looked death in the face."

"Now do your Majesty's words do you more wrong even than the most barbed ones of your subjects. Time, instead of withering, has bidden that form and face gather added bloom and vigour from the

storms that environ them. 'Tis the fate of your house, Princess, that their high qualities should alone be proved by the stern hand of adversity."

"I know it well, and have battled with the storm with a spirit as enduring as that of my husband: but these accursed plots and machinations that are continually at work; these false friends that flit round the field like birds of evil omen—— Know you that it is decided the detested siege of Gloucester should be formed?"

"It is so intended, I have heard, but not fixed till another council is held."

"And that council, Marquis, will meet fully primed and prepared, at least the majority of them, to show the wisdom and expediency of this measure, that will prove the ruin of the Royal cause. I have opposed it by every argument and persuasion; I have entreated the King not to employ the flower of his force, at this critical moment, in a long and useless siege. Seldom has he thus withstood my words; but those of my enemies have been before me, and have warped his better judgment.—Curse on their hollow-heartedness!" she continued. "Jermyn warned me of their power, as well as their will, to work mischief."

"Does Jermyn always speak truth, your Majesty?" said the nobleman: "my knowledge of men deceives me, if he is not, as well as those he arraigns, a deep and dark intriguer, whose smooth aspect and words belie the workings of the heart."

"You presume too much, Marquis!" said the Queen colouring: "you are not ignorant of the services he has rendered me, and that he has ever been the zealous and devoted adherent of his Queen."

"If I presume," said the nobleman firmly, "'tis on my long and tried services to your Royal house. My fidelity to the illustrious father urges me to say to the daughter, Princess, mistrust this man, who comes with the subtlety and seduction of the serpent, to cloud the happiness and fair fame of the being he ought to venerate: banish him from your presence;—the world, your Majesty, is ever harsh and cruel, where the loveliness of a princess is equal to her lofty rank:—Elizabeth passed her reign, even single, with little reproach; but Mary Stuart, for a short time the ruler of her own land, gathered calumny at each step of her eventful life."

The Queen, as the Marquis was speaking, had risen from her seat and paced violently through the room: she could not but feel respect and even awe for the speaker; but it was the first time the truth had been so plainly told her. She had become attached, she could not hide it from herself, to this favourite courtier; and yet when writhing beneath the bitterness of other disappointed feelings, such an attack at the present moment seemed both poignant and ill-timed: her imperious temper came to her aid.—"Saint Denis! have I not suffered enough real scorn and deep humiliation at the hands of my people, that I should now consult every breath of calumny or praise that is wafted from their rebellious mouths? Who forced me into exile, and bade me part from husband and children, though that parting cost tears of blood? Where is my crown and sceptre?—Go to the fields of Edgehill and Lansdowne, and seek them, scattered amidst the bones of the few noblemen who died to defend them. And now, have I a throne, a home, a resting-place? Many of my subjects have mansions of beauty and splendour, but none waits the coming of the Queen. To-day, a guest with her subjects; and to-morrow,

perchance an outcast.—Oh, Navarre! Navarre! to what is thy haughty house fallen!—No, I will not banish the faithful Jermyn, to please a fickle and ungrateful people."

"Oh! why does Heaven, when it gives a soul and form that can make Royalty glorious, withhold the prudence that would make it loved?" said the courtier. "So would her father have spoken, perhaps; but alas! he had both the fear and affection of his people."

"And I have neither, Vieu Ville, you would say: —be it so. Had Charles been early governed by my counsel, the Commons had been humbled and broken—and so they shall be now!—Santa Maria! that I could see these proud rebels suppliant at my feet, as the burghers of Calais were at those of the third Edward!"

"It cannot be," he replied: "this is mere delusion—the very blindness of pride and power, or rather the quenchless thirst of them.—Your father battled long for his kingdom, and gained it at last by conciliation alone,—by sacrificing his own will to that of the League. Were you and your Royal husband's heart more softened and humbled, peace might yet shine on these distracted realms,

and the palace gates fly open to receive their sovereigns."

"Ay, shorn of all that makes sovereignty dear—a mere mockery of power.—God defend the right! but never will I counsel him to yield to their demands."

"Then will you too surely prove, ill-fated Princess, the fulfilment of your own words.—Look at that portrait," he said, drawing from his bosom a small one of Henry the Fourth; "the image of my loved and renowned master: that eagle eye tells his daughter to beware of kingly pride; that haughty brow warns her to put no trust but in the love of her people."

The Queen clasped her hands passionately together, and fixed her gaze on the countenance, as if its features had thrown a momentary spell over her.

"My murdered father! how like, O God, how like him! What a history of perished power and glory is in that fated look! Even at their summit—even in their full harvest, to be so foully—"

"Why, why did you show her that portrait?" said the younger lady.—"Look no longer on it, your Majesty, I beseech you."

"He foresaw it," said the Queen more wildly, "but could not escape; night and day it haunted him, the uplifted knife—the thrilling blow.—'Oh, take me hence,' said Henry; 'they will murder me here in Paris.'—But, Vieu Ville," she added with frightful solemnity, "they *could* not save him! Fortia, with his guards; Sully with his grey hairs—all, all his devoted army rallying round their conquering King, *could* not arrest the bloody——You saw him—tell me—but I know you saw them; the murderer and the sacrifice—"

"Why would your Majesty know?" said the nobleman, now almost regretting what he had done. "I did see my noble master, when he breathed no more, laid, a cold and sealed form in the saloon, whence an hour before he had parted full of triumph: and beside him, the demon by whom he fell—Ravaillac!"

The Queen shrieked at the sound, and sat down, and wept with the weakness of an infant. "It is a dreadful name!" she said: "when a child, it was never uttered in my hearing but I felt a horror that could not be calmed. There was something deeper and more warning in the feeling: and now—now I see its truth! Yes, in that

childish dread there was the presage of a doom! that the bloody steel should rend the daughter's as well as the father's throne.—Say not that it is false, Emilie; say not that these are chimeras. It will come! On the mother let it fall!—O Santa Maria!—on the King—but not on the children!"

"Be calm, my Princess, my loved and early friend," said the lady; "do not, I implore you, give way to these illusions, which will lay prostrate the strength of your mind. Ah! why did the Marquis show you the picture?"

"There was no other way," he said, "to bring that imperious spirit to cooler and wiser views. I remember her early terror of this theme; and well I know the proud house of Medicis,—it will break rather than bend."

"Break, but not bend! It was justly spoken, Marquis," said the Queen, her sorrow yielding to the native pride of her character, and gazing with more firmness at the portrait which she still held in her hand.—"Oh, Henry, Henry! did that eagle eye still beam with the lightning of command, they dared not oppress thy daughter thus! Were those lips unsealed, what curses, what burning words would they pour forth! The waves

would not stay the avenger's footsteps, any more than did the walls of Paris or Ivri. At the head of his army, Navarre would come: he made Austria tremble like the autumn leaf; Spain lavished her gold to avert his wrath; and would he not cleave the passage to my throne, and seat me there with his red hand?" clenching the small white hand that she slowly raised.—"Alas! my father!" she continued, after a pause, "knowest thou on whom thy dark eye is bent?—*who* drinks in that fiery glance, as if there were hope and triumph there for *her?* No throne is near her—no princely dais above her head.—Henrietta of Medicis and Navarre is wronged—slighted—queenless!—Queenless! did I say? Weave round me rather my parent's bloody shroud:—strike—strike deep and thrillingly at the bosom of the Queen! But, so help me God and St. Denis! no hand shall uncrown these temples; no finger shall ever point and say, 'Show mercy and spare her, for she is a King's daughter!'"

"There spoke the spirit of Henry," said the nobleman, gazing with admiration at his Royal mistress; "but there is a time to conquer, and a time to yield: the latter is now your policy. You

have not, Princess, the conquering armies, or the well-filled treasuries of your father at your back."

"True," said the Queen; "but I have the deathless glory of being his daughter, and of such a model—so to live and die! To die! no, no! Take that portrait away, and offer it to my view no more; for, oh! there are other feelings, other ties beside those of pride and heroism, that bid me live, and bid me yield to these stern, harsh men—ay, even court their smiles.—My children, my loved and beautiful children! for your sakes the mother must forget the Queen, and the daughter of Navarre—"

"And will consent to be the friend of her people, the guardian of their rights, and leave ambition to her servants," said the Marquis, firmly.

"There is nothing so sweet as a mother's love," said the Queen, scarcely heeding the interruption. "I have tried that of power—the flatteries of courts—the leading of armies have also been mine: but what have these been to the joy, when my children have rushed around me, and their smiles and tears have made sorrow and insult

sweet? They were my world, Marquis, when Charles was afar, battling for his crown."

At this moment steps were heard in the saloon without, and the voice of the King could be easily distinguished. Henrietta calmed her emotions, strove to assume an appearance of composure, and even of cheerfulness, knowing that the mien of her husband instantly took its character from her own; and opening the door of her oratory, she advanced to meet him. The scene was somewhat striking:—the lofty apartment, on whose walls were thickly carved the ancient arms of the college, was brilliantly lighted. Charles was surrounded with several of his nobles and officers, with whom he seemed to be in earnest conversation; and the Queen approached, attended only by the Marquis and his daughter: but there was something in her eye and manner, as she glanced at the circle of courtiers, that seemed to say, "Plot as you will, I shall overturn all your plans."

"You are come in a happy moment," said the King, with a slight embarrassment, "to assist in this our council, which, in truth, is somewhat

hastily and irregularly formed: but time is precious, especially now that victory sits on our banners! Rupert sets out shortly for Bristol, which cannot hold out long; and then, it is our opinion, that the siege of Gloucester be instantly formed—it may be, that I shall command it in person."

The Queen saw clearly that this disastrous measure, as it proved in the sequel, was almost decided on. It was well that her feelings had already been softened by the previous scene; but indignation flashed from her dark eye.

"It needs not my opinion," she replied; "at this moment, which your Majesty terms happy, but which I deem ominous of every ill."

"You know, Henrietta," said the King mildly, "you are but just arrived in the kingdom, and cannot judge so well of the present state of things, as those who have been ever present on the theatre of war.—It is the opinion of our most experienced officers—"

"Is it the opinion of all?" she replied; "of Rupert, Pembroke, and Richmond, I do not doubt; and of the Marquis also, who does not dislike sieges. What say Falkland and Wilmot? If exquisite talent and recent success give men's

opinions weight, theirs should possess it.—What say you, my Lords, of this measure ?"

Falkland, in brief but decided terms, expressed his dissent from it, as fraught with ill-timed delay: but Wilmot, whether he feared the more powerful noblemen around him, or to oppose what he knew to be the King's wishes, spoke in doubtful and indecisive terms.

"I like a bold and fearless speaker," said the Queen, "and there is one more whose opinion I should be glad to hear; who, though lately come to the Court, has already, if I guess right, some influence with your Majesty. It is that brave Cornishman who attended you to Keinton."

"Most willingly," said Charles; "for he has lately seen much service; besides his being now the chief leader of the Western force.—Trevanion, we entreat your opinion on this subject: though wisdom dwells with gray hairs, I have often found it in the open bearing and devoted loyalty of youth. Are your Cornish troops used to sieges? they have the name of good marksmen."

The latter coloured slightly at being thus addressed, in the midst of men so much more experienced, as well as more celebrated than himself:

he marked the half-surprised glances of some of the courtiers, as well as the anxious and approving look of the Queen. He began to speak with modesty, and with the eloquence for which he had been distinguished in the House, his sentiments with respect to the proposed enterprise; then of the operations in which he had borne a share; how fierce and successful he had ever seen the Royal forces in assaults in the field, as at Stratton and Lansdowne, "But it is plain," he said, "their strength withers, and their impetuous valour fades in the trenches; in the slow, protracted, wasteful sieges of fortified places, as this of Gloucester is like to be, where there is a numerous garrison, strong defences, and a disloyal people. Should your Majesty deem it right to attack the troops of Essex—they are dispirited and in full retreat, and no other army remains between this and your capital. Had my friend Granville lived, thus would he have counselled your Majesty—to march, but not to intrench; to pursue your disheartened rebels with troops flushed with recent victory, who look to see the Royal banner advance to Whitehall, rather than wave idly and wearily before the walls

of Gloucester, till Essex and Waller shall come back to the rescue!"

As Trevanion spoke thus boldly, the effect of his words on the hearers was very different. Charles listened with some emotion, noways displeased at the freedom of his officer.

A few of the nobles, in particular Maurice and his brother Rupert, regarded him with looks of jealousy and dislike, which he returned with haughty indifference. The eye of Henrietta lightened with pleasure as she loudly expressed her approbation of the words of the young commander. "Like the others of his own land, rough, but true as steel; I wish your Majesty had more such native specimens, rather than the false stones that glitter, but are not faithful to the touch.—His words ring like truth."

"They do so," said Charles hesitatingly; "but he has seen little service in the way of defence. This thing must not be rashly done, however.—We have heard, Colonel, that the Western forces are expert in the use of artillery, from their long experience in mining?"

"They are considered so, your Majesty; but

their services have hitherto lain more in the open field."

"Then you shall soon have an opportunity of proving your words: our cousin Rupert, here, goes to assault Bristol in a few days; and you will command one of the divisions under him, with the rank of general: we deem a coloneley too slight a rank for services like yours."

"Never was rank more worthily bestowed," said the Queen, as Trevanion expressed his delighted thanks and homage for this new proof of his sovereign's regard.

"Strange," he thought within himself, "that the honours I panted for so long, should now be showered thus thickly on me."

"And now, my Lords," said the King, observing the still anxious and unquiet look of his consort, "enough of wars and councils—this has been a busy day, and the night draws on apace—Good night, and rest to your Lordships."

The courtiers then quitted the saloon, leaving their Majesties alone. The King paced two or three times slowly through the apartment, and then sat down beside his consort.

"How sweet it is, Henrietta," he said, after a

pause, "to throw aside, but for an hour, the troubles of Royalty, and be as though sceptre and crown were but shadows—blest with the sacred calm, the dear enjoyment of domestic life. How hushed is every thing around us now; no voice or footfall is heard within these solemn walls; the sounds of prayer are ceased—it seems as a dream to me, that my kingdom is rent with alarms, and that blood flows at the very thresholds of my people."

"It is a fearful dream," said the Queen; "and, Charles, if you would have the waking bright and glorious, the hands must not be folded to slumber, or the eyes closed in delusive security. How happy was our life ere these broils began! our children, did they not grow in beauty and affection every day before our eyes? and their heritage, their wide and princely heritage, was untouched!"

"It is true," said the King sadly: "would that those hours were come again! Yet there is left me one gift that earth shall never snatch from my arms again! Christendom boasts not so fair a woman as my lovely Queen, my heroic Henrietta. I would not part from these light tresses again," weaving one of them playfully round his

finger, "that droop so wearily on their snowy resting-place, nor lose the glance of that rich dark eye, not for the Stuart's heritage. My wife! there is a charm in that name far greater than in 'my people'—'my empire;'—ay, when the name is joined to a form, a face, a soul, such as thine, Henri! In the words of Scripture, I often said, 'My soul is weary of desiring her; why tarry the wheels of her chariot? why linger the feet of my love in a foreign land.'"

"Is it well, is it kind, then, Charles, to refuse the first boon I have asked since my return?"

"What is that? what have I refused?"

"This detested measure of Rupert's; these fresh proposals from the Commons, merely to deceive: let the one be abandoned, and refuse to listen to the other. When in Holland, I listened to no voice but my husband's interest and honour."

"True, noble woman; I have been hasty: this shall be thought of again. Yes, Gloucester shall be given up," said Charles, yielding to the Queen's ascendancy over him. "Do not, I pray, disquiet your thoughts about it. What is any such city?—what is Pembroke, or Hertford, or my nephews,

to the clouding the smiles, or the rendering the spirit of my Henri unhappy?"

"Is it so, that you have promised a written answer, and a favourable one, 'tis said, to-morrow, to this new proposal of the Commons? It is hasty, Charles, surely. It is not yet too late to change this purpose."

"But I have given my word," he replied, "to satisfy these men in writing, on a material point, which I have hitherto seen in a harsher light; and they will look for its fulfilment, without doubt."

"But words given hastily are not always binding, particularly on kings. Remember the often crooked and deceitful dealing of the Commons towards you.—You have not ever been thus scrupulous in treating with them."

"True: I have often considered," said the yielding prince, "that mental reservations are lawful. My enemies reproach me with them: but with subjects in arms against their anointed prince, contrary to the law of God, and guided by such subtle and able men, we must sometimes use the wilyness of the serpent. They shall have

their answer with the morn. I said it should be satisfactory. It shall be so to me: if not to them, 'twill be the fault of their rebellious minds."

" 'Tis justly said, Charles Stuart, as these rude men call you," said the Queen playfully. "Do you not feel elated at the splendour of your situation? Look, how the taper's light floats on the gloomy chamber: fancy that those old college-arms on the dull drear walls are the Royal arms of the Stuarts; and those pictures, with the red, round face, leaden eye, and heavy frown, beneath heavier wigs; see you not there the features of the Medicis, the Bourbon, and Scotland's kings?—Ah! St. George and St. Denis, our patron saints! if ye yet wander through this nether world, the shadow of your protection will never find us, where churchmen are our Royal guards, prayers our rallying cry, and lone cells and dreary halls our rampart and battlement!"

CHAPTER IX.

"What lack we here to crown our bliss,
 While thus the pulse of joy beats high?
Court not that lady's smile or kiss;
 My heart, O Ronald! bleeds for thee.

Untouch'd, the harp began to ring,
 As softly, slowly ope'd the door;
And shook responsive every string,
 As light a footstep press'd the floor."

SCOTT.

A FEW days subsequent to the last scene, the city of Bristol was stormed by the force under Rupert and taken, but with considerable loss on the part of the assailants, among whom was slain, with other officers of note, the young and gallant Sir Nicholas Slanning. This was one of the most timely and eminent services the Prince achieved during the war: it struck a great panic into the Parliament; and had it been instantly followed up by a rapid and bold advance of the army, the tide

of success would have turned entirely in favour of the King. A garrison was placed in the city, and the chief officers returned to the Court at Oxford, where they were most graciously received. It might have been thought, by the apathy that now fell on the councils and proceedings of the King, that the Commons were already prostrate at his feet.

Trevanion had commanded one of the divisions at the siege, and reaped fresh laurels by his conduct and that of his troops. He now saw, with bitter and impatient feelings, which were shared by many of the other commanders, that the war was assuming another character, and that the active and onward operations in the field were for the time at an end. Had he consulted only the enjoyment of the present moment, he would have wished that the tide of war might never more approach the Court, where he found himself advancing in favour every day. A few weeks only, had seen him knighted, a general, and honoured with the personal intimacy of his sovereign. His long-cherished hopes, delayed even to the sickening of the heart, were accomplished, and he began to taste in its fulness, also, the sweetness of rank and command. No longer exposed to the imperious pre-

tensions of men whom he despised; the cold neglect, the cruel and injured feelings he had known on the eve of the battle of Lansdowne, were passed away, never to return. He had probably not known the character of his own mind: the fiery dream of ambition that had so long possessed it, could not lightly, suddenly depart; this had been blended too deeply with every thought, hope, and imagination. And now, in the ill-starred Court in which he eagerly mingled, amidst so many warring pretensions and selfish claims, from a falling crown and a fated prince, that dream grew more restless and impassioned every day. If, in the battle-field, it had fevered his spirit more than the trumpet's sound or cannon's flash, in the present golden and flattering scene, it was like the "heat that consumed by day, and the drought by night." It was not fed only on visionary things; for his patent of nobility, as is well known, was already made out, by the title of Lord Trevanion, of Stratton, and only awaited the Royal signature; but this was still delayed. The smiles of beauty, too, were joined to those of Royalty, to rivet these feelings. He was often in the society of the daughter of the Marquis; and while he listened

to her voice, and gazed on her attractions, the senses, if not the fidelity of the heart, yielded to the fascination. She admired and loved the accomplished and successful soldier; and the Queen saw with pleasure, in this intimacy, a sure means of attaching to her interests the chief leader of the Western forces, whose influence and voice, in the cabals and disunions that frequently agitated the Court, could not fail to have weight. Trevanion was also induced more assiduously to cultivate the society of this fair foreigner, as he well knew her ascendancy with her Royal mistress, on whose words, at present, preferment and honour seemed to hang. Time, in a scene of such high excitement, often, in a few days, does the work of years on the spirit and character; and Trevanion, in his more reflective moments, sometimes recoiled from the insatiate feelings that rushed in a torrent over his mind. There were moments when the warning words of her he loved came witheringly back; and then he felt intensely there was nothing in this Court to compare with her constancy and purity of affection! But this enchantress of the Court was daily before his eye, dwelling on his exploits, painting his future career in glowing

colours, as well as her own influence with the Queen; then passing to the chivalry of her own land, of which she told many a wild and stirring tale.

Days and weeks fled away in the mean time, and no successful movement—no signal exploit marked the Royal arms. But a change soon came, and a disastrous one, on the face of affairs, as well as on the spirit of the Court. Ere this arrived, however, the Queen gave a fête to the Court, as splendid as the reduced finances and resources would allow it. It was a sultry evening in the end of August, and the apartments of her Majesty were filled by a brilliant assembly; but the triumphant aspect it had worn a few weeks before, seemed in some measure faded.

"I wish from my soul," said the veteran Baskerville to his commander, "that my eyes once more looked on their native hills, where the river Tamar ran before my door, and I thought my campaigns were ended for ever!"

The latter was standing listlessly in one of the recesses formed by the ancient windows, with an expression of deep dejection on his features. "Are you then tired of the cause?" he replied; "or are your grey hairs weary of what you loved so well

in youth—the trumpet's sound, and the rapid march? They call on us no more, as they did once, Baskerville."

"And for that reason do I long that my home was before me now, to leave it no more. I never wept for thought of it amidst the fevers and fens of Holland; but this idle play of war sickens me, and something at my heart warns me its end is not far off. It suits not your mood either, General, if I may judge by your eye and bearing: they are not bright, frank, and happy, as formerly; the mildew of this vain Court is on them, and its canker is entered into your soul."

"You use, as is your wont, Baskerville, the freedom of age," said Trevanion.

"You say right," said the old man; "that my hairs are gray in war, and it matters little where they are laid for ever. But it is not thus with you, General; you are the hope of our force, and its pride, too, now that he," his eyes filling with tears, "is gone.—Would to God that I slept beside him!—I have watched your career from the march from Launceston to the present hour, and the bravery that bore you at last to the full meed of success. And is not that meed sufficient? Your

chosen friends were slain ere they reached it: you have fame, rank, and the smiles of princes, for which so many pant but cannot gain. But you are playing the game of ambition, Trevanion; not in the stricken field, where glory alone can follow it, but in the wily, dark, and changing policies of a Court, governed by a woman, and torn by the dissensions of profligate and interested nobles. Sir Beville would not have done thus!"

Trevanion started at the name; a deep blush crossed his features; he took the hand of the veteran in his own, when he heard his name called in one of the sweetest tones, that had been long familiar to his ear. "Why linger you here, General?" said the Countess de Vieu Ville, laying her hand on his: "the demon of *ennui*, I believe, possesses the Court this evening; no buoyant spirits, no sallies of wit are abroad; and gallantry itself lies slain, ere the walls of Gloucester are shaken; so you must come and enliven the little circle yonder around the Queen."—He bowed a glad assent, and instantly followed her.

Baskerville looked after him for a moment, and then turned with bitterness away. "Would that his foot had never trod this cursed ground," he

said; "that his lips had never breathed this corrupted air, or that he had died on the soil he defended! See, there is more charm in that syren's words, than in the waving of his banner. On thee, too, my Royal master, are turned hollow smiles and silver sounds, both of dame and noble: had the tented field been his home, instead of this idle roof, the crown had ere this been firm on his brow."

Around Henrietta was gathered a small but most attractive circle: a few elegant women of high rank, still firm adherents to their Queen; and several of the nobles, the most distinguished for their wit, taste, and gallantry. She was listening attentively to the Earl of Carnarvon, as he spoke of some of the rare scenes he had visited in his Eastern journeys; of the sacred spots around which now dwelt a stern but hallowed desolation: their description seemed to move greatly the spirit of the Queen.

"Ah, my Lord," she said thoughtfully, "methinks I could give up with joy these stirring and troubled scenes, and fly to that calm and blest retreat."

"And turn saintess, your Majesty would say,"

observed Jermyn, who did not always observe the deepest respect in addressing his Royal mistress. "St. Helena's fame would soon be quenched in that of a more splendid and lovely recluse, if not a holier. Your Majesty's self-denying example would induce your whole Court to put on the garb of piety."

The Earl's eye turned indignantly on the courtier at these words, which the Queen endeavoured, with a slight constraint, to laugh away, as she addressed a nobleman near her.

"Falkland, we were speaking of hermits and holy scenes; I know no being in the Court would make so upright and accomplished an anchorite. What say you to a pilgrimage to the Land of Promise?"

"I would be willing," said the nobleman sadly, "to go to the deserts, and dwell there alone and cheerlessly for the rest of my life, rather than mingle any longer in these unhappy strifes; for I am weary of the times, and would gladly be out of my country's misery ere the night cometh." These singular words were much thought of after the battle of Newbury.

"Away," said the Queen, "with these sickly

fancies! You never were in love, Falkland, or you would not talk thus; these studious habits of yours make you moody. Believe me, the passion for one's country is a noble thing; but when men talk of dying, there are deeper loves and bitterer sorrows come rushing on the mind.—Is it not so, General?" she said to Trevanion, who now joined the circle.

"I remember," said the latter, "that in the misfortunes of the lovely Mary Stuart, his Majesty's ancestor, the nobles of her party, even when dying on the field, thought little of their own or country's sufferings—those of their Queen alone filled every heart, and so would it be again. What cause on earth can make the loss of life so sweet, as beauty and Royalty oppressed and in sorrow?"

"These are sweet and devoted words," said the Queen, her face radiant with pleasure; "would that all my nobles were of the like feeling! then would the walls of Oxford no more be the barrier of our reign."

Trevanion felt the strong excitation of the moment. The chiefest nobles as well as finest women of the Court were around him. The conversation grew more animated; he took a prominent and

brilliant part in it. The eloquence of his words, and the romance as well as feeling he threw over his descriptions, as he spoke of the days of devotedness to female beauty—of chivalry not yet faded—and of the spell of crowned loveliness, not to be dissolved save in death. It was the recluse of Carhayes transformed into the attractive courtier; and the thoughts and musings of years woke beautifully into life in this golden hour. Each lady's eye was turned on him with interest and pleasure, and the eye of the Countess expressed a more ardent feeling; the thrilling pressure of her gentle hand seemed still to rest on his own. The many lights threw their vivid glare on the motley assembly of divines, ladies, senators and soldiers, who were broken into eager groups, or moving listlessly through the spacious chamber.

Trevanion's eye wandered for a moment over the brilliant scene, and then became fixed, as if life had passed away; his glowing words were hushed on his lips; a deadly paleness settled on his features. It was strange; but a believer, like most of his province, in second sight—in the sudden seeing those who are dear to us, but whom we are soon to lose for ever—he saw the graceful form of

Eleanor Dawnay appear. Distinct from the crowd of nobles, from the figures of lovely women, from the stern soldier, that form passed on, and on him were turned those sad and mournful features that seemed to say—"For the smiles of princes and the love of strangers, I am forgotten." It might have been the fevered excitement of an over-wrought mind—the previous conversation of Baskerville—but still his eye wildly followed her, and each lady and courtier turned theirs in the same direction, but their glance fell only on the glittering throng, or lofty wainscoted walls. He pressed his hand strongly on his brow; still she was there, with a faded loveliness and sunken eye, that was more than man could endure.

"What ails you, General?" said the Queen kindly: "is it a sudden illness? You look like one of the Druids of your province, scared at his own wild rites."

"He is like one of the knights of chivalry he has been descanting on; reft of his love, for ever reft, like Orlando, wandering through forest and flood," said the Countess de Vieu Ville.

He turned on the speaker a look of anguish. There was no melody in her voice, no witchery in

her eye now. He gazed again towards the spot where he had seen the well-known form, but it had passed away for ever; the waving plume, the flashing armour, and ladies' haughty brow alone were there.

"We will excuse you," said Henrietta kindly; "retire, and consult your health more, that has suffered, no doubt, from the late fatigues."

He bowed gratefully, muttered something about sudden illness, and passed from that crowded chamber with an anguish of thought that his bitterest enemy might have pitied.

"These Cornishmen," said the Queen, as she looked after him, "are subject to strange contrasts of demeanour and spirit; but a few moments since, he was one of the most animated and eloquent beings I have ever known."

"I have never seen this mood in him before," said Carnarvon; "I always deemed him a man who loved ambition far more than pleasure, and who would not be lightly turned from his purpose, but, like the natives of the Highlands, superstitious, and at times gloomy."

CHAPTER X.

"And we—behind the chieftain's shield,
No more shall we in safety dwell;
None leads the people to the field,
And we the loud lament must swell."

SCOTT.

THE scene of our narrative must now change, from the splendid and troubled Court to a more remote and silent territory. The Western forces had resolved, that the body of their leader, after the battle of Lansdowne, should rest in no soil but their own. It had been sacredly kept, unburied, inclosed in a leaden coffin, for several weeks, till the capture of Bristol left them at liberty to put their resolve in execution. As the active operations in the field were now suspended, and there seemed to be little present occasion for their services, half their number quitted the town,

and proceeded by slow marches through Somerset and Devon, exhibiting a striking contrast in their array and bearing to the triumphant progress of a few months before. Neither defeat nor disaster tracked their footsteps, or rested on their banners; they were still united and unbroken, and no enemy or obstacle retarded their progress; as the forces of the Parliament were all drawn from the West, save the garrison of Exeter, and two or three small towns. With joy they set their foot once more on their native soil; wild and heathy, it spread before them; but they turned their eyes on it with as much eagerness as if they had been exiled men returning from a weary shore. It was evident these men felt a vivid satisfaction in the thoughts of rescuing their charge from a distant grave, and there was a pride in their look as a well-known hill and valley came rapidly into view; it seemed to say, "he shall sleep in the land of his fathers and his people,—the land for which he died;" and when far over the extensive plain, which they were entering, the steep hill of Stratton came to view, they stood still, and a wild and exulting cry rose from the band.

On the following day, they drew nigh the end of

their journey. The regiment of horse of the deceased, now much reduced, marched next the bier; and the stern pikemen, in close file, formed a phalanx, all round, trailing their heavy weapons. Dark and massive rose the towers and battlements of the Castle, on which no busy hum of arms, or warder's tread, resounded now; there was the silence of sorrow that might not be uttered, within. No eye looked forth from the battlements for the courser's tread; no voice rose on the evening air in blessing on the absent father—he was at the gate, but not now to be seen, or embraced, or loved—"the worm was around him, and the worm covered him." As the train drew nigh to the walls, the gate of the great court flew open. The bier, lifted by its guards from the vehicle on which it was borne, in spite of every precaution, sank on the pavement with a hollow sound that went to each survivor's heart. The Lady Grace stood still for a moment, cast a look of anguish on her children, then knelt beside it, and wept long and bitterly. At her side, with their hands crossed, and half unconscious of their loss, kneeled her eldest son, Beville, afterwards Earl of Bath, and the light-haired Catherine, the father's idol. The

ancient domestics gathered round, and looked helplessly on the scene, and then on the ivy-grown towers above them, as if they felt that their glory was now passed away. The bier was borne into the gloomy hall, and lamps were lighted, and odours burned around it, and watchers were appointed.

The day was fair and sultry, one of those days in which a wild sea-beat land is more inviting than the richest woods or the fairest pastures: at an early hour, heath and moor were seen covered with innumerable groups making their way towards a village near the sea. It was easy to perceive, from their earnest and serious countenances and subdued voices, that no festive occasion called them forth. The most famous wrestling-match, the gayest annual fair, or even the hotly contested election, had never bid the grey headed sire, the age stricken matron, and the village beauty, quit their homes with such heart felt emotion, such thrilling interest, as now.

It was a beautiful sight to stand on one of the wild green hills, and look far on every side: from the fishing-coves, beneath the wave-worn

precipice, many a train of weather-beaten men wound their way; their boats lying neglected on the shore, the nets hung beside them, and no smoke arising from the empty cottages near. Down many a craggy eminence, on whose top rose the rude cromla, rapidly descended the peasants, clad on this occasion in their best attire.

Slowly and deeply the bells of the venerable church of Kilkhampton sent their sounds afar, a summons to the last resting-place; and the single long street of the village began to fill at each moment with passengers, and at each door were groups of the inhabitants, waiting in anxious expectation. But the stream of the people rolled from far and near to each meadow, slope, and path, that intervened between the village and the castle of Stowe.

Among those who chose to remain behind in the village, were the tenants of the only ancient and impressive residence in the place, Arthur Trenlyon and his sister. They resolved not to issue forth and mix with the multitude; there seemed to them, in the present hour, a degree of sacredness and dignity about their own mansion. They had not remained wholly passive and qui-

escent, however, within: often, as the various groups ceaselessly passed, and the sound of the bells grew deeper and more solemn, were the brother and sister observed flitting, like two ghosts, from the window of one parlour to that of the other, restless and agitated. Unable at last to bear the suspense any longer, the former opened the door, and sallied forth into the street, looked keenly up, and then down the long avenue, and turned his steps cautiously towards the door of the Ivy-bush. He stepped into the kitchen softly; no sound of gaiety was there; no cups or flaggons were on the table, and he was glad that it was so. The ancient settle was not however vacant; there, leaning on her right hand, and gazing thoughtfully on the embers, was the hostess. She did not even turn her head, as was ever her wont, at the sound of the entering footsteps. When the visitor addressed her, she raised her strong marked features and keen eye slowly, and bent them on him for an instant, but without any expression of sarcasm or welcome.

"There 's nothing ails ye, I hope, dame?" he asked, struck with the change in her manner.

"'Tis a solemn hour, Mr. Trenlyon," she said

thoughtfully: "ye hear the bell: I 've known many a dark hour in my life, but never one so strikin'.—Look at Betsey," she continued, pointing to her daughter, who was standing at the window, and gazing wistfully forth through the jasmine-tree that she had reared, whose branches she put aside with her hand. "She 's had a heavy burden to bear, too heavy for her spirit; 'tis pity to break a bruised reed, and she is'n a bit stronger than one."

Trenlyon looked, and saw that the young woman's cheek was paler, and her look more dejected than usual; at another time, it would have touched his inmost soul, but it was now filled with a sadder emotion.

"Death, nothing but death ha' she known through life—that part o' life too that 's dearest to a woman: her husband drowned, and he that she loved killed upon the Hill o' Lansdowne, poor youth! and now——"

"And now," said the other, "the loss of him; to which all other deaths are like the dust o' the balance——"

"It may be so, Mr. Trenlyon,—it may be so; but each heart ha' got their own bitterness. There 's

he, that ye 're speakin' of, sat at that table, wi' the damask cloth, white as snow, before en, and the silver flaggon—he 'll never sit there again!—Deborah," in a solemn tone, "mind the charge I gave 'e, to put away the flaggon and the cloth, to be kipt sacred; 'no other hand shall touch them. —Would ye like a glass o' ale or wine afore the hour, to strengthen ye? 'tis soon got—but the house is'n the same—there 's a stillness upon it."

He waved his hand impatiently to negative the offer. "I shall never drink any thing with relish again, Mrs. Tonkin; I shall never sit," clearing his voice, "with the same feelin' in that settle again. What are meats, and drinks, and pleasures now, and the bright eye and word? Just like gilded nails on a brown oaken coffin, with hollowness and emptiness underneath."

The hostess raised one keen glance at the speaker, as he stood moveless and upright on the sanded floor; an intense gloom on his ruddy countenance, and his grey eye fixed on the dying embers. At any other moment, a bitter sneer would have crossed her aspect; but she turned her head away towards the vacant chimney.

"'Tis strange," she muttered, "how the death of a great man comes upon us all like a burden too heavy to bear: the house will never be the same again to me.—Look, how the shrouds jump out o' the ashes! there 's a whole one fell close to my foot, for a warnin'. I woud'n meet the last enemy yet! Betsey totallish, or a'most so, and Deborah and Richie—so well open the crow, and leave the two pigs in to look after the Ivy-bush."

"Mother," said the latter, looking round, "I 'm glad that hard heart is softened at last."

The old lady looked at her steadfastly, rose slowly and dislodged a small bottle, the contents of which rarely touched her lips, poured out a small glass, and then confronted her two antagonists with a calmness, as well as mildness of aspect, that were very unusual to her.

"You know, Betsey, how seldom my lips taste o' the cellar o' the Ivy-bush; but the chill is past from my heart now. Softened! say you? and d'ye think, child, because you are made like miltin' wax, that a harder creature can't feel the bitterness o' sorrow, and weep warm tears? Had I been like you, how should I ha' faced the storms o' life, dashed aside the billows, and had that nice

stout rafter over the widowed mother and her lonely child.—Deborah, my black roquelaw, that I followed my husband with.—Mr. Trenlyon, 'tis time ye were away; there's a dull and rushin' sound in the air, that's drawin' nigher every minute: the funeral is comin'."

The latter quickly after left the hostel, and proceeded straightway to his own dwelling; and, accompanied by Damsen, pursued the path that led to the Castle of Stowe. They had not proceeded far, when they saw at a distance the slow advance of a countless multitude. In the front was borne the body of Sir Beville Granville, attended by the chief families of his line who were absent from the war, and closely followed by his lady and her children. It was not among these, however, that an observer would have sought to discover, how honoured in life, how loved in death, a character has been: his eye would have strayed, perhaps, to the deep and silent mass of the people, that moved on like the waves of the sea.

The Cornish, a people of quick and ardent feelings, and, from their remote situation, strongly provincial in their regards and prejudices, have ever been distinguished for a faithful and impas-

sioned attachment to the leading men, who, in the field or the senate, have sought their welfare, or increased their fame. No feudal devotedness of the clan to its chieftain could be stronger than that felt by this brave and grateful people to the man whom they regarded as their chief patriot, warrior, and benefactor. His troops still preserved the deep and close order around the bier as when they had fought beside him. No sound or voice was heard amidst their ranks, only the dull and slow fall of many thousand feet at every moment: how unlike, they thought, to the rapid and resistless onset to which he had urged them but a few weeks past.

It is said, that the grief of stern and strong men is harder to look on than that of more frail and tender beings; but this can only be when, beneath deep and sudden desolation, the passions are let forth without control; when, as it is said, "David mourned over Abner, and his mighty men wept around him." But here, the pale and rugged miner, the hardy mariner—even the few lawless and savage men who led a life of daring and plunder—felt like the young and fair

women, down whose cheeks the tear flowed resistlessly. The men of rival parishes, who would have contended, perhaps, the next day, for pre-eminence, even to bloodshed and death, now walked in peace together, with kindly looks and words. There was one, however, from whom all others seemed to shrink aside: unmingled with the throng, he walked alone, after the soldiers, bearing the helmet, breastplate, and sword of the departed lord: his grey hairs had become white as snow, his large and wasted hand was laid on the weapon hilt. It was Andrews, the standard-bearer, to whom this honour, in pity to his state and services, had been given: he looked wildly and strangely at times on the crowd around him, and then turned, with a haggard smile, to the rich armour he bore, muttering at times to himself, "They are Sir Beville's," he said, "and I brightened them carefully this morning, ready for the field—the stricken field, that cannot be without my master. We have been long away, my Lord; but now, the march—the march is begun—'tis our last field."

The procession at last drew nigh the church,

and entered the deep avenues of trees, that had screened its burial-ground for ages; and the vast crowds on every side were broken and scattered, each seeking the readiest admission.

Among the few who closely followed the relatives of the house of Granville, so as to form part of the train, was Mr. Trenlyon; his head drooping on his breast, and his countenance expressive of strong emotion. His sister Tomasin walked by his side, her long face pinched into a comfortless and sorrowing state; but it was easy to see that hers had only the outward show. In the eager entrance and pressure of the crowd into the churchyard, he felt himself somewhat rudely pressed behind, and, turning, saw his rival Trethewan at his very elbow, in vain attempting with his lathy form to stem the torrent. His first motion was to take Damsen's arm with one hand, and with the other to pin the assailant against an ancient oak that stood just in the path. But on the second glance, better thoughts came into his mind; he pulled his enemy between himself and his sister. "Bide ye there, Trebarva; ye'll be safe enough from the throng there, that daren't press upon any of the line: such a descent is a resting-place in

the storm, man. Alas! this is no time to talk of the house, no time for jealousy or hate: Damsen, Trebarva, let us follow in peace and kindness our noble chief."

They followed him to the time-worn portal of the church. During the pause that ensued, determined to snatch one last look of the remains, Trenlyon made his way to where the bier rested, covered with a rich pall of crimson velvet, on which were worked in gold the armorial bearings, the name, and age of the deceased. He gazed intensely on it; but at last the feelings of the man overcame those of the descendant; he leaned against the oak beside which the remains stood, his hands strongly clasped, and his broad chest heaving with resistless grief. "Oh, my Lord," he said, "to see that head lie low is more than I can bear! Would that I had died in your stead! These children and people, where is their father and friend: and our line!—'tis not for that, but for the love I bore you, Lord of Thorigny, that I would give this body, to redeem yours from the grave.—But I shall see him no more for ever," he added with bitter emotion, as the bier was slowly borne within the portal, to be deposited in the vault of his ancestors.

When the ceremony was passed, the crowd lingered long within and around the cemetery. The setting sun still found the greater part undispersed, and it was not till the twilight of a calm evening in August that they returned over heath and hill to their scattered and distant homes.

CHAPTER XI.

> "No, let the eagle change his plume,
> The leaf its hue, the flower its bloom;
> But ties around this heart were spun,
> That could not, would not, be undone."
>
> CAMPBELL.

WHILE every day brought some new and stirring event in the field or the Court, no change came to the ancient dwelling of the Dawnays, save that change on the spirit, that is keener than the spoiler's sword. It was not only hope deferred, but love, deep and impassioned, preying on the heart that cherished it, as its only stay on earth.

"Why comes he not?" was a question that Eleanor often asked herself. "Months are fled; the armies are not in the field, and he still passes his days in the gay Court at Oxford."

Suspense grew at last too painful to bear; yet it must be borne. The memory of the parting scene on the stormy evening near the abbey was a rich resource in these moments; his impassioned words, his pale yet speaking features, and the constancy that was imaged there, as he pledged his heart to hers for ever. His friends were fallen, without the meed they had earned; and could he look on their grave and not turn from the uncertainty of war—not turn to the native scenes amidst which they had so long built their hopes of earthly happiness?

Catherine, in the mean while, had received an earnest invitation from Lady Granville, with whom she was a great favourite, to come and spend some time with her at Stowe. It was willingly accepted, though the present desolation of the Castle, and the trappings of woe with which the walls were covered, offered little excitement or pleasure. In a few days, taking a gay and affectionate leave of her sister, with many an entreaty to give her dark thoughts to the winds, she set out, attended by a domestic, for the residence of her noble friend. The beauties of the way were increased by the settled calmness of the weather. Her eye wan-

dered to the woods, to the banks of the river, and then to the open heath beyond, in hope that the form it sought to see was there. But the peasants, busied in preparing for the nigh harvest that waved richly on every side; the fishermen spreading their nets on the strand, and the barks that slept on the breezeless surface, were the objects that alone met her view. At last, towards evening, the gloomy towers of Stowe came in sight, where she was received with silent but heartfelt greeting by the widowed lady. She gazed with emotion on the pale countenance and faded beauty of the latter, so changed from what she had known her, and the half-deserted apartments, whose stillness was only broken by the foot-fall of the domestics. The last time she was here, they had echoed to the sound of revelry and the voices of many guests. The vivacity and ardour of Catherine's manner and feelings were a treasure in this house of mourning; and the lady's brow, by degrees, grew brighter; and the smiles at long intervals came again to her features, as she listened to the soul-felt words, full of hope and sympathy, of her youthful friend.

It was now the beginning of September, for the weeks had rolled remorselessly by, in spite of the

calls of love or ambition, that would fain have peopled them with brighter moments. On a sudden, the rumour of a great battle between the Royal and Parliament armies was brought to St. Germain's; in a day or two, this rumour was changed to a certainty, and the names of several officers slain and wounded were stated. This intelligence got to the ears of the attendant ere it reached those of the mistress; and when Honor next came into her presence, which she did not long delay to do, it was evident that part of the news, and that of the worst aspect, was kept behind.

"It was true," she said, "there had been a great battle, and the King's troops were beat."

"But what mean that sad look," said her mistress, greatly alarmed, "and those words so sparingly given? it is not your wont to be thus."

Honor's features were certainly lengthened somewhat unusually, and her eye had a hidden meaning in it, and a cautious glance that seemed to keep a look out on the words that fell so slowly from her lips.

"There's some officers killed, maybe," she said;

"'tisn' possible to have sitch a fight, without some o' them meetin' their end."

"Who are they? tell me, for mercy's sake! Is he among the number?"

"No, my honoured Lady, no. Don't look so wild. When men are lyin' down all of a heap like, upon the field, a man may be mistaken in sayin' one is livin' or another is dead; and I was particular in that point. Says I to the man—he was in the action and wounded—'Are you sure that you saw the Colonel upon the ground?'—'Yes,' says he; 'but there was life in 'en, for I saw 'en move, and I went and opened his vizor, and he looked up upon me so pale!' The Colonel was never a ruddy man, my Lady; but to think—"

Her detail was here cut short by Eleanor's starting from her seat with a wild cry—"He is dying then, while I am here, idly and far from his side; not a friend, perhaps, near to offer him aid or kindness! Is this the end of all his proud hopes, dearest and unhappy youth?"

"Oh my lady," said the attendant, struck with the extremity of her mistress's grief, "he'll live yet, to be a stay and a comfort. 'Tis but the fortin

o' war, down one day and up the tother; and he 'll soon be stirrin' and pure again, there isn' a doubt; besides, we 're too far off here to give 'en any aid."

"But that distance shall soon disappear," said her mistress, with a sudden calmness of manner. "I will set out instantly. Shall a journey of a few days or even weeks be a barrier for ever, perhaps, between us? No; I will fly on wings to his side. Oh never will my presence be so welcome as now—pale, wounded desperately," she said, shuddering. "Why do I linger here, when each moment— ?"

"Go to Oxford!" said Honor, in utter astonishment. "Your Ladyship isn' exactly sound, 'tis my thinkin'. Through a strange country, and enemies in the way, fierce, evil doin' men; and sitch a journey, o' months! 'tis just like Christian's leavin' his home to git through the slough o' despond, and the valley o' the shadow—. Yet, if you 're resolved," she continued, her eye suddenly kindling, "there 's friens, maybe, to be mit with, and the troubles may be overgot; and the royal army, that 's by the city, is like a tower o' defence. John Tresize is with them, like a man o' war.—But what 'll master say to sitch a undertakin'?"

"Say!" said Eleanor, hurriedly, "what will any one say against it? who will oppose it? Neither parent, nor sister, nor friend, should prevent my setting out, and that speedily."

"Why, then, there 's no more to be said," said the other calmly. "I 'll see every thing got ready: but 'tis pity there's no friend nor guide to go along with us. We shall be two lonely women—'tis a darin' undertakin', that 's the truth of it." And she left the apartment, to look after the preparations for the journey, well knowing, that if her young mistress, as she said, "was wilfully set upon a thing, there wou 'd be no preventin' her."

Eleanor instantly sought her father, and with deep emotion informed him of the disastrous intelligence, and of her fixed resolve to set out for the Court, or the scene of the war.

Mr. Dawnay, much moved, resisted long the entreaties of his favourite daughter, and urged in strong terms the impropriety, as well as hazard, of such a step; but at last, softened by her distress, he gave his consent, on one condition only; that a trusty gentleman or relative should be found, to whose care and guidance he could safely intrust her during the journey. Seeing her absolutely bent on this

step, he procured letters to the commanders of one or two of the royal garrisons, near which the route would lie, with the fervent wish, however, that no one might appear to take charge of her safety. This hope was not of long duration: it so happened that Carries, still lingering in the neighbourhood of the adjacent village, unable to quit the neighbourhood that contained the being he loved, hearing of his friend Trevanion's being dangerously wounded, came to the mansion to inquire the truth of the report. He there quickly heard of Eleanor's resolute as well as romantic purpose, to set out for the scene where her lover lay sorely and helplessly wounded, and he instantly offered himself as the guide and companion of her way. Mr. Dawnay would rather his daughter should be attended by a royalist; but he justly considered that they might possibly meet with some parties of the Parliament forces, with whom the principles of this man would be a sufficient guarantee for safety, and in his honour he had the fullest confidence. Most reluctantly, therefore, he gave his consent, with fervent blessings on her head, and prayers that she might be preserved from every peril of the way.

Had Catherine known the events that were passing in her home, the walls of Stowe would no longer have confined her: it was well for her own peace, however, that she felt compelled to exert every effort to animate her friend. There were times, when evening stole over the Castle, and the dull light of its gloomy apartments became yet more solemn and faint, that she felt unable to resist the influence of the place and hour. One evening she wandered through them alone, and the sense of sorrow and bereavement that dwelt on every heart around her, seemed to have entered her own. She gazed on the darkening portraits on the walls, of the former lords of the dwelling, with whom was now numbered their last successor; yet, by the distant closing of a door, the cautious step along the passages, the hushed voice of some domestic, it might be thought he yet lingered on the bed of suffering, instead of being at rest in the grave. Then, at long intervals, there was a stifled sob, or a low wail of some one who thought of the dead, and remembered how kind, how generous a master he had been. Twilight came dimly through the massive and embrasured windows, and Catherine looked, and looked again, on

the half-seen portraits of mailed men, of youths who had fallen early, and beauties long passed away; and fantastic shapes seemed to rest on them. The freshly-slain Baron was there; his features wan from the bloody field, and full of the bitterness of death. She could not withdraw her gaze, for a more youthful form seemed to rise before it, not of a warrior or chief; its pale features and dark eye bent on her with an expression, hopeless, yet indelible as the last look of those we are to see no more. She started at her own wild illusions, for it was her devoted and romantic lover. She turned wildly from the spot, and strove to look forth into the waste without, over which the night was now slowly gathering, and the stars looked faintly forth. It was a relief, at last, when steps without drew rapidly nigh; and now the massive gate creaked on its hinges, and low voices were heard: she turned towards the open door, and Carries stood before her. His air and dress were disordered, as if from hard and hurried travel; and there was a fixed sadness in his features, as they were turned eagerly on her for some time ere he spoke.

"Is it you, William?" she said, after the first emotion of surprise, and almost of terror, was over.

"Why come you thus suddenly, and to this Castle, at such an hour?"

"I have hastened against time, to see you for a few moments," he replied. "By to-morrow, at sunrise, I must be at your father's hall. Catherine, I come to bid you adieu: wanderer as I am, this journey is not of my bidding."

He then briefly explained to her the resolve of her sister to set out for the head-quarters of the royal forces, to learn some certain tidings of Trevanion, whether he had fallen in battle, or was yet lingering under his wounds, and that he was to be her companion and protector. She listened to his words with the deepest emotion.

"I had not dreamed of this," she said at length. "My poor sister! it is like her true and devoted spirit, that would be wrung with more anguish while remote in her own hall, than in daring the wildest perils to be at his side. But, alas! the issue is uncertain;—there are fearful difficulties in the way."

"They will be met firmly," he answered. The wandering bands of either party, alike prone to violence or plunder; the fiery zealots, that reck little of crime in their wild career; it is not these

I fear. It is the parting from you, Catherine, that fills my mind with gloomy forebodings."

"Yield not to them," she answered: "we shall meet again under happier auspices. You know that you are a fatalist; but do not make yourself its mark, as you have, ere now, made others."

"Catherine, the darkest fatalism that hangs over me, is the dread of seeing your face no more. Often I have recked little of life, merely to see a temple, a desert, or a city of the infidel; but now, that I have your love, now that I know, the form, the features, the passion—all the loveliness of the woman before me, is to be mine for ever—life is to me precious as my own soul. I start at the distant shout in the wind; in the darkness the sword of the royalist or the republican is before me. It is not all fancy: when I returned to my home, from that long and fearful journey, my mother was in her tomb: when I sought to save that Eastern lady, the sword of the spoiler slew her, even at my feet: and now—"

He pressed her hand in both his own, and bathed it with his tears, the sport of the singular mixture of timidity and daring that formed his character. Catherine felt the gloomy feelings of

her lover fast gathering over her, but her native strength of mind came to her aid; she gently withdrew her hand from his grasp, and pointing to the wild and darkening waste without:—

"Think not of me," she said, "William,—think not of our love in such an hour as this. You have done well: go, and be faithful to your charge in every peril and sorrow of the way; amidst the sword of the royalist, or the malice of the rebel—if so it must be—even to death!"

He gazed on the fine form before him, as though the veil of death, instead of the dimness of night, were shrouding it fast from his view; and listened breathlessly to catch the sweet accents of her voice: but, unable any longer to trust the firmness of its tone, or to master her contending feelings, she paused, inclined gently towards him, pressed her lips on his brow, as a last adieu, and in a moment glided from the apartment. He stood awhile immovable, as if that form had been still there; the long and silent gallery, through which it had disappeared, alone met his view: every object grew indistinct and lost, and the stillness around was deep and unbroken: he turned at last from the spot, and, recrossing the spacious court,

mounted his horse, that awaited him just be-beyond, and bent his way over the waste. More than once he paused and looked back, undecided, on the dark and shapeless mass into which the battlements of Stowe had now sunk: but a sense of honour and of his engagement urged him on; and hastening over the wild, he bent his way to the distant village of St. Germain's.

CHAPTER XII.

"And there she wander'd, and was still to learn
Aught of her lover's safety or return;
And rushing winds and moaning forests lent
Their mingled voice, that to the spirit went."

CRABBE.

THE party proceeded straight to the borders of the province; the lady accompanied by her attendant; and Huey followed, to take charge of the horses, and make himself useful on the way: here no mischance could possibly interrupt their progress. On passing through Devon, the signs of civil strife became more manifest at every step; and Exeter being still in possession of the Parliament forces, it was necessary to make a circuit to avoid falling in with any stragglers or foraging-parties from the garrison. The progress through so delightful a territory as this county, would have afforded hourly pleasure, had their spirits

been better tuned to enjoy it. The autumn was already advanced; the yellow leaves had begun to fall from the trees, and the woods had that fine and fading hue that seldom fails to create impressive and mournful ideas in the mind. The attentions of the guide and guardian of the little party were entirely occupied by his fellow-traveller; it needed every animating effort to sustain, at times, her drooping spirits, and inspire her with brighter hopes of the future. Each day that brought them nearer to the end of their journey, seemed only to fill her with a deeper dejection; and each flying rumour was caught at with a breathless interest. The curiosity of the people in some parts was not a little excited by the appearance of the travellers, as to what purpose could lead them on so distant and devoted a journey. During the progress of the war, it was not unusual to see the ladies of the cavaliers journeying even to the camp, or the beleaguered town, to see their lords, but it was generally with some better guard and defence than met the eye on this occasion. The beauty of Eleanor, and the fixed expression of sorrow on her features, were sure to excite interest and sympathy in the hamlets and villages where the vicissitudes of the way often

compelled them to halt; suspicions, too, would sometimes arise, that she must be some person of consequence, that urged on her course so restlessly, impatient of the slightest delay, and perpetually inquiring the distance that still intervened between her and the city of Oxford, or the royal camp. Thus far, all had gone well with the travellers; no evil event had broken on the tenor of the way; they proceeded the greater part of the day, and always reached some village or hamlet at eve; sometimes this happened to be some solitary and wretched hostel, where the people were rude, and the accommodations miserably bad: but more than once this was succeeded on the following day by a kind and eager reception at the house of some royalist gentleman.

They were now fast leaving the hills of Devon for the more monotonous scenes of its adjoining province: the rich plains of Somerset began to stretch before the eye, and over them were at times seen, in the distance, bands of armed men proceeding to join the hostile armies.

One beautiful afternoon, they had proceeded some way through a long and thick wood, that seemed to cover an interminable extent of ground;

not a cottage was nigh, and no spire or curling smoke rose above the trees. Carries looked .with some solicitude around, not without fears that his fair charge, whose health grew more delicate every day, would be compelled to pass the night beneath the shelter of the foliage. Honor vented her grief aloud, at the strange and unwonted aspect of the country, overgrown with endless woods, through which it was impossible for human foot to find its way.

"I ha' known many a wood," she said, "in my own land, that we 've left for this dreary one; but never any sitch as these, that beguile a body to darkness and a fearful restin': and see, the sun is but just twinklin' upon the branches: 'twas better our feet was upon a comfortable moor, or downs, sitch as that I was reared in, my lady,—there 's feet there now young enough, would fly like the eagle, if they kenned the takin' somebody was in, that was once—"

At this moment, the sound of a rushing stream was heard, which some thought denoted a hostel to be nigh; but the more practised ear of the attendant discerned it to be that of a mill; which drew an exclamation of joy, that if there was a

mill, there must be food for man and beast. In a few minutes more, Eleanor, fatigued to excess, alighted from her horse at the door of the building, the master of which was a stern republican. He came out and looked long and hard at the party, who intreated shelter till the morrow; his countenance grew darker as he heard the request, and he seemed to fix on them an insulting but secure look, as much as to say he felt them to be wholly in his power; and his muscular frame, broad shoulders, and bronzed evil aspect, seemed to defy resistance.

"Ye 're royalists," he said at last; "there 's no denyin' it; that 's a cavalier's lady or daughter, I know well by her gear. I know the proud race, that 'll soon be levelled like the sheaf of corn; and 'es there no castle or mansion to open its gates for ye?—However," he added with a grim smile, "you 'll wander no farther this night."

"What do you mean?" said the latter impatiently: "I care little for myself; but this lady, your roof must e'en shelter her this night; you see she is quite unable to travel farther."

"Ay," said the miller sullenly, "that 's plain enough; but no stranger, and follower of the

cursed Stuarts, ever passed the mill without paying toll.—Look at that stream ; 'tis loud and deep, and ha' been the last bed o' more than one cavalier that drew sword upon my threshold."

Eleanor shuddered at these words, and recoiled from the fierce and brutal bearing of the man.

"The wood beyond," he continued, "is dark and weary on every side, and there 's no cot or roof for miles round : so you 've feerly wandered to the miller's den, that 's a house o' rest for the friends o' liberty, for the bloody cavaliers and all their friends.—Don't tremble so, lady ; though, by the rood ! ye only look the more temptin' for it ; that black eye need'n wander to and fro' : there 's good fare, and restin' too, inside the grey wall."

" Villain !" said Carries, drawing a pistol from his holster, " I am not a cavalier : we come from the West, where I have joined the cause that such a wretch as you disgraces."

The weapon was instantly struck from his hand by a blow of the miller's oaken stick, with such force, that it bounded from the opposite rock into the stream beneath ; and the latter placed himself full in the narrow path, with a glance of contempt

on his assailant. " Villain ! said you ; another word such as that, and ye 'll follow your light weapon that the stream is dashing over. 'Tis just as easy for me, young man, to do the one as the other. Ye come from the West ! Why that 's my own land, where I was born, and I ken well the tongue and the bearin'; but as to your being a round-head, you lie in your teeth. But harkye, your blood shan't be on my hand to-night, though I 'll march ye off to-morrow for the castle, where the governor, he 's a keen one, will make brief work wi' ye: but as to the lady, she 's too sweet a prize to leave quit so soon; 'tis rare such a wayfarer comes to the mill."

His words were here interrupted by a sudden and fierce grasp on his neck from behind, that caused the words to gurgle indistinctly in his throat. " Too sweet a prize, is she?" were the first words that reached his ear. " Oh you double villin ! Is this the end o' your course ? Was 'e saved from drownin' to become a savage man, a satyr, to prey upon the wayfarin' and the defenceless ?"

The miller turned in fury on the assailant, but his face was black with her grasp; and when re-

leased from it, he gasped hard and short, and was confronted full by the attendant, whose features were actually alive with indignant rage, as she stood on the green bank before him, and held out her short arm in a warning attitude.

"Do ye remember me?" she said sternly: "ay, look again: do ye remember me, Honor Middlar, when ye lived an innocent life on Tredrea moor, and sewned and moaned for a kind glance o' my eye? You were a mild, kindly creature then, though I never called ye a comelie one; but your face is changed, and your eye hard and cruel. You foregone thief! are 'e quite given up? Who wou'd think 'twas Rob Trewen standin' afore me, with a purpose o' drownin' and harryin' my lady and Mr. Carries."

The fierceness of the man passed away in an instant, as he gazed on the round form, luxuriant hair, and blue eye of the speaker, that brought former and better days back to his mind. The oaken club fell from his hand, and his look was cowed before her, as that of an infant. "Is it you?" he said at last. "Honor, you were the cause o' my leavin' my own roof and the moor; but my hand can ne'er harm ye, nor them that

are with ye. I 've been a man o' blood since then. If you 'd harkened to my words years agone, I 'd lived a peaceful life; but I 've prospered in the world, there's the mill, and a warm houldin' besides."

"And are 'e married, you dark-lookin' creature?" said Honor, in a shrill tone, and most inquisitive look: "you ha' got things pure and tidy about 'e, I see."

"I 'm alone," said the man; "there 's no love like the first one; and I ha' thought often o' the moor, and the evenin's that I came a far way to your dwellin', and sat by the turf fire. But when you gave me a denial, for the sake of another man, I cared little, ye well remember, for my life; but a boat took me out of the calm sea, and I sailed abroad, and came back years after, and settled here, in this warm nook. But you were a fairer woman then, and far younger."

"And ye think o' that time now?" said the other, softening; "the man's heart is'n so hard, after all, for sitch a fierce life as he ha' led o' late: 'there 's nothin' like first love,' Rob; that's a true sayin'; and ye were hardly treated too. I might ha' showed 'en more kindness: the crimes of the man may come upon my back. Drownin' and

sheddin' blood! Have 'e many sitch to answer for?—My lady, this is Rob Trewen, that I spoke of upon that fearful night by the abbey, that cast hisself over St. Dag's head upon a summer's evenin', because I refused to have 'en. I 'm glad the unhappy creature was saved.—But now, be stirrin'; git the best fare in your house for my lady and this gentleman, for the night is comin' down."

The man turned as civilly as was in his power to the travellers, who had watched this scene with no small interest, and in a half-surly, half-subdued tone, offered the shelter of his dwelling for the night. They followed him into it, while Huey disposed of the horses in a large shed adjoining, that usually served the purposes of a stable. The interior of the miller's house was neat and clean, to a degree that could not have been expected from the habits of such a man; and Honor was already busied in investigating the kind of fare that was likely to prove her lady's meal. Forgetting totally the lapse of years and the change of habits, her manner to her ancient lover was familiar and free, and savoured no little of the impera-

tive air that she had once assumed. It was wonderful how the savage was tamed in a few short moments. As he gazed on the attendant bustling about his dwelling, and listened to the sound of her voice, he deemed that he again saw her as in her mother's cottage, fifteen years past, on the moor of Tredrea, toiling in her household duties, or humming her wild song along the green turf without, with a scorn in her arch blue eye; the beauty of the moor, as she had ever been deemed. The loneliness of his situation, the taste of blood he had known in two or three actions or storms, in which he had joined the Parliament forces that had marched across the country, and the fiercer deeds he had sometimes done at home against the straggling royalists, ceased to work on his rude feelings now. He raised his hand, and took down several weapons that hung against the wall, looked at them for a moment, then grasped a sabre with one hand, whose keen edge glittered in the fading beam, and sternly clenched a large horse-pistol in the other.—" Honor," he said, as the latter was busily engaged in some savoury preparation, with her back towards him. She turned

suddenly, with her arms whitened to the elbow, for there was something in his voice that thrilled to her better nature. "I 'll take these weapons, that ha' been stained deep as sin could stain them, and cast them in the dark rushing stream outside for ever, and never stretch out my hand to violence again, if so be you 'll not go from this solitary place, but stay here and be my wife, as you was my first and only liking. I 'll be a better man for it."

She scanned the speaker from head to foot, as if measuring the advantage of proportions between him and her other admirer; then looked at his face, whose rugged lines were softened into tenderness, and shook her crowd of auburn locks, as the sycamore before the door shook its thick leaves in the autumn wind. "'Tis a touch of his ould nature," she muttered; "ye 're nothin' so fair a man, Trewen, as when you lived upon Tredrea, fifteen years agone! I won't hould but what a woman's mind may have a sort o' change in sitch a time; but I arn't much altered, or you woud'n fix that glowin' look upon me, Rob. And ye'd throw that sword and weapons into the stream for my sake?—'tis'n so bad as throwin' yourself over

St. Dag's head; but 'tis a kindly offer: the mill, too, is a good houldin', a'most as good as a fee, and ye've got things tidy about 'e here. Where did 'e larn sitch decent ways, Rob? A body might pass their life comfortable here, though 'tis a parfict solitude: but I got a taste for that upon the moor ye ken of, and by bein' with Miss Eleanor so much."

"Then," said the miller eagerly, "you 'll ha' me, Honor, and you 'll be happy as a queen here: though I 'm a rude and rough man, you shall always have your own way."

"That I 'm likely to have anywhere, in a mill, Trewen, or in a baron's castle: but ye run over fast;—you said," she proceeded in a more solemn tone, "that there 's nothin' like first love: and now I must be brief—upon that very moor that you used to travis night and day, I loved another, and—and a far keenlier man. There 's no need o' saying who a was, but the eye that ha' seen him once, will look long afore it sees another like 'en. Don't clinch your carbine, and wave your sword in that way, or glower wi' your eyes upon me; ye 'll ne'er frighten me—ay, ay! the stream is rushin' loud and fierce that ye 're pointin' to; you 'd better

take another leap, Rob, as you did from St. Dag,—but you'll ne'er get me to come to in that manner. So go your ways and kill the fowls this instant, for my lady is faint for her supper.—The unhappy man," she muttered, as he slowly and sullenly quitted the kitchen, without uttering another word; "if the face of 'en is'n as white as the dough that I'm makin' the cake of;" and so saying, she addressed herself once more with increased earnestness to her savoury task.

Eleanor and her companion meanwhile had retired to a rude seat placed against the wall of the dwelling without; it stood almost on the brink of the river, and the evening air was so mild and warm, that she preferred it to the interior of the miller's residence. The utter solitude of the place was unbroken, save by the loud rushing of the water, that might be heard to some distance through the depths of the wood, over which the sun was slowly sinking. No quick step or cheerful voice of the peasant or the village girl was borne to the confined and solitary spot. As the red rays rose higher and higher from the glancing waves and moss covered rocks to the tops of the tall elms, a deeper gloom and sadness fell on the

place: then the twilight grew on the recesses of the woods, whose stillness was so deep, that the clash of arms, and the prancing of the war-horse, would have been welcome to the ear. The scene was but too darkly suited to the train of Eleanor's thoughts and anticipations: she sat silently on the rude seat, gazing on the wild stream at her feet, whose foam, as it dashed from steep to steep, alone marked it from the rocks and trees that bent over it: her features were worn with anxiety and fatigue, but the devoted purpose of her journey gave them a high and attractive interest, and flashed in her dark and resolved eye.

The repeated efforts of her companion to give a livelier tone to her thoughts were not wholly in vain: he spoke of the speedy termination of their journey; the probability of finding Trevanion recovering from his wounds; that it was even possible no battle, at least not so sanguinary a one, had been fought. It had been remarked that the accounts grew more confused and various as they drew nearer the scene of action. Then he dwelt on the fine qualities of her lover, how generously he had freed him from durance in the Castle of Launceston; how successfully he had carved his

way to fame. Her feelings were soothed by degrees; and as they sat side by side on the rude seat, she spoke with more calmness of her past feelings and future hopes, and watched the last red rays fade into twilight; and the stars gathered bright and beautifully over the hushed forest, foaming current, and lonely dwelling beside them.

When Honor came forth at last with the summons to the evening meal, she was surprised at the tranquil tone with which her mistress spoke, and eagerly led the way into the humble apartment, where her care and activity had provided a repast that might have satisfied more dainty travellers. The host also did not refuse his presence on the occasion; and though he wore by no means a very happy or complacent air, he deigned to assist the object of his ancient affection in attendance at the board. In spite of the presence of the latter, the man could not help gazing with admiration on the elegant form, and pale yet attractive features, that were seated at his table; never, he thought, had his lonely walls sheltered such a being before; and as the shorter and less imposing figure of the attendant moved up and down, in her anxious haste, he turned from one to the other

with surprise and a stupid gaze, that had lost, however, all its previous ferocity. The night drew on, and though not late, the lady expressed her desire to seek repose after the fatigues of the day, and was conducted to a small low apartment, which the hands of her attendant had contrived to render very comfortable.

A refreshing slumber enabled the travellers to resume their journey at an early hour, after some hasty and simple refreshment. The miller, however, attended them through the wood, whose intricate paths might else have baffled their progress. The sound of the stream soon died away amidst the trees, at the skirts of which he stood at last, and lingered, and pointed the way over the plain that they must go, to arrive at the castle where it was intended to pass the night: he then squeezed Honor's hand hard, and looked wistfully in her face, as on what he never was to see again. The latter was not wholly unmoved, but it passed like a light cloud away; and when, after travelling about a mile, she cast her eyes by chance backward, she discerned the big square form of the miller standing where she had left it, as rooted as one of the strong old oaks beside him.

He turned at last, however, plunged into the wood, and wended his way, as rapidly nearly as his own river, towards the mill, to resume the habits and feelings that had been thus for a moment broken. As for the party, they went on their way in a less dejected mood than on the preceding day, over one of the vast and flat plains of Somerset, that continued unbroken for many hours; at last they saw at a distance the edifice that was to be their resting place. It was held by a body of the Parliament forces; but the guide had little doubt of finding a civil reception within the walls. As they drew nigh, it was easy to perceive that it had, not long since, been the dwelling of some noble, or wealthy and long descended squire of the territory. Its very thick and battlemented walls rendered it of excellent use as a strong hold, either for prince or people. The troops that were posted here had felled the old trees that shrouded the grey front, that was now thrown bleakly open to the broad plain in front; on which a straggling horseman was here and there seen. Beside the walls, several armed men were carelessly preparing their coursers for a foray, as it seemed; and others were seated idly on the rich banks,

amidst the rank verdure that now grew all unheeded. On approaching, the party was challenged by the sentinel; and the troopers gathered round, gazing inquisitively on the young and fair woman who journeyed thus far and intrepidly. Carries demanded to speak with their commander, and was informed that he was out on an excursion, but would soon return. In the mean time, they were conducted to the hall, where they were quickly surrounded by curious gazers; and to his intreaties to be left alone, or conducted to a more private apartment, little heed was given. The very assertion that they were republicans from the west, which in the minds of the troopers was the very hotbed of royalty, as well as hated for the reverses their arms had met with there, of itself cast suspicion on their journey. The behaviour of these rude soldiers began to grow offensive, and brutal language was returned to the threats and importunities of the former, when a courser's tread was heard rapidly approaching the gate, at the sound of which, the men rapidly drew back from the strangers, and their demeanour was calm and subdued in an instant, as the commander strode into the hall. His quick step and stern

glance seemed to justify the remark of the miller, the evening before, that 'he was fond of making short shrift on these occasions:' but his hard brow relaxed the moment his look fixed on Carrics and he heard the sound of his voice; he advanced and grasped his hand, uttering an exclamation of thankfulness and pleasure, for they had been brother officers, nearly a year before, in the army of the Commons. The latter was rejoiced at the incident, as it insured a kind and honourable reception to his companion: yet he could not help looking with surprise at his former associate, whose courage and good conduct had raised him to the rank of commander of a numerous body of troops and of the fortress, a place of no small trust. He was a man of good descent and fortune, and had joined the republican ranks at the same time with himself: the determined and enthusiastic expression of his countenance, and the puritan terms he so freely used, proved him to be no lukewarm adherent to the cause. His guest briefly explained the object of his journey with the royalist lady, for whom he requested the most courteous treatment, and a guard of a few soldiers, as far as might be necessary, on their further way.

The commander turned to the latter, and with more than republican politeness, offered the best welcome of the mansion, with assurances of every aid at his command.

"Not every officer in our ranks would do thus," he said: "I may be blamed, perhaps, were it known, for not arresting your progress to the royal army; for many a dangerous design has been furthered by ladies as well as peaceable men in these times.—But we know each other of old," turning to her companion, "when you were in a more warlike and fitting array than this."

A frown gathered on his features as he looked earnestly at his former associate. "Why this air and garb of peace? I have long ceased to hear of you, and deemed you either slain or captive; you have not grown cold in the righteous cause?"

The other made a brief and decided reply; and, while the lady was conducted with her attendant to the best chamber the mansion afforded, the two friends quitted the hall, and walked for some time on the battlemented wall, that looked down on a far extent of rich, flat, and wooded land, as well as waving corn-fields. The discourse turned wholly on the events of the busy time. The officer as-

sured his guest no general action had lately been fought, but that a severe and partial one had taken place at ———, where several royal officers of note had been wounded, which had given rise, no doubt, to the rumours that had filled the country. When night came, the hall was lighted up, and a substantial repast set forth. Stern and fanatic as were the principles of the host, his bearing and discourse were those of a man of education and refinement; but the officers who surrounded him were coarse and illiterate men. There was nothing within the walls that could soften the iron aspect of war, or relieve the tedium of so solitary a place: no lady's voice or footstep, no music's sound, or merry dance or song. The hours were spent in the strict duties of the fortress, if it might be so called, or in devotional exercises; at intervals lonely and silent, when each zealous soldier sought to wrestle apart for the good of the cause, or else united in a band, with such loud and heartfelt sounds of singing and expounding, that the rush of Rupert's cavalry would hardly have drowned.

Eleanor meanwhile, who had declined descending to the hall, looked round the lofty and desolate

apartment that was to be her resting place; the evidence of other and better days was visible in every part. The truth was, the wealthy royalist family who had dwelt here had fled precipitately, in order to avoid the ruthless visitation of the enemy, and had left their wide inheritance to the spoiler. The head of the family had taken an active and distinguished part in the struggle, and out of revenge, as well as for its excellent position, a strong party had been quartered within the walls. The apartment must have belonged to some fair and luxurious inmate. The tapestry on the walls hung loosely in the currents of air that came through the half-open casements; the faint twilight fell on a rich mirror placed in a recess by the bed side; on the small yet high couch was a coverlid of tapestry more curiously worked, and of later fashion, than the hangings; and two or three handsome as well as costly dresses were carelessly scattered around the apartment. On the wall was the portrait of a very young and lovely woman. As the present tenant, curious even amidst the misery of her feelings, surveyed with a searching glance the still tasteful and forsaken

chamber, with which the hand of violence seemed to have dealt gently, she could not help fixing her eye on the fair and smiling features before her.

"They are those of an exile," she murmured; "but how much happier her lot than mine, though that delicate form and those rich tresses may now be sheltered beneath a stranger's roof! There is no anguish of the broken spirit in that eye; no vows or prayers for one who sleeps perhaps for ever, can be breathed from those full and ruddy lips. Thy heart is at rest, sweet girl, though thy home is the rebel's spoil."

Her attendant, who had held the taper for some time with no small impatience, now reminded her mistress that it was time to think of rest, after the tumults and fatigues of the day; to which the latter yielded a reluctant assent, and at last lost in a troubled sleep the memory of her hopes and fears.

On the morrow, after many thanks for the courtesy of their host, the travellers again set forth. He gave them a small guard of soldiers for their further protection, as far, at least, as the town of Devizes, which was in the hands of the royal forces. He advised them to direct their course straight

towards Oxford, where the King, having raised the siege of Gloucester, would probably retire. On the second day, however, after quitting the mansion, they learned the latter had retreated to the town of Esham, and afterwards to Newbury, and to the latter town they resolved to bend their course.

CHAPTER XIII.

"This morn is merry June, I trow,
 The rose is budding fain;
But she shall bloom in winter snow
 Ere we two meet again.
He turn'd his charger as he spoke,
 Upon the river shore;
He gave his bridle reins a shake,
 And said, "Adieu for evermore, my love!
And adieu for evermore!"

SCOTT.

THE siege of Gloucester proved, as had been foretold, of the most disastrous consequences to the royal cause. After a month's fruitless encampment before the walls, Essex, with a strong army, drew nigh to their relief, and Charles was compelled to retire, even when the besieged were nearly reduced to extremity. The army of the besiegers, however, was too strong, and in too good condition, for the Parliament general to risk a battle. In spite of his caution, a severe skirmish took place

at Awborne Chase, in which a few officers of rank fell on both sides, and among them was the excellent Marquis de Vieu Ville. This was a great loss to the Queen, to whom he had ever been a faithful counsellor and friend. Jermyn also, now created a baron, was severely wounded in the arm in this action. This accomplished courtier probably did not deeply regret his mischance, as it gave him the opportunity of retiring to Oxford, where his royal mistress now was.

From his entrenchments, the King retired with his forces in excellent order to the town of Esham, where he remained several days, in hope of a favourable moment of attacking the army of the Parliament as soon as it should quit its present position. Essex seemed resolved to remain there on the high ground, close to the city he had relieved; and the King resolved to take advantage of this inaction, and speed to Oxford, from which he was not far distant. Attended by two or three of his officers, among whom was Trevanion, he quitted his army, and rode rapidly to the city. In a few hours he arrived there; and riding straight to Merton College, entered his consort's apartment totally unexpected. In

the saloon or parlour, the Queen was in company with her favourite, Jermyn, who, with his wounded arm in a silken scarf, was seated beside her, proud of his new dignity, and, by the expression of his glowing features, still prouder of the favour of his fair and royal companion. As the King entered hastily in his riding dress, surprise, as well as some degree of confusion, was visible in the countenances of both. He bent a stern and severe look on the courtier, whom he had always regarded with dislike, and then turned one of mingled reproach and fondness on the Queen.

"Your Majesty is thrice welcome for coming thus unexpected: Jermyn was describing to me the last fight with the enemy after leaving Gloucester."

"Name it no more," he said impatiently; "'twas my evil genius led me to those fated walls.—You may retire, my Lord," addressing Jermyn, who instantly withdrew from the apartment.—"This is a stolen march, and few and precious are the hours I can pass with you. Ere to-morrow, I must be with my troops again."

"So quickly away!" said the Queen; "why

are we thus to part? Cannot I accompany you to the camp, as well as linger within these dull walls? I should delight to behold a stricken field. Do Hertford or Rupert think my presence would blunt the edge of their swords, or mar their wise combinations?"

"Not so, my love; but the stricken field is not a place for the Queen. You are unused to the shock and shouts of the charging hosts, and 'tis thought, perhaps———"

"That my presence would unman you, Charles. Fools and dotards! the grey hairs of the one are well paired with the rashness of the other. As for the Prince, there is a fatality in his race: did not his father lose the crown of Hungary at the battle of Prague? Go to Sedan and see the humiliation of the exiled sovereigns; yet you trust this man—better, by St. Denis! trust your wife. She has given her jewels, rich dresses, and far more than these baubles, her dignity—all that a Queen prizes, to rally troops round your banner; and would she not risk her life?"

The King fixed his look earnestly and thoughtfully on the features from which eighteen years of

marriage had not taken, in his eye, the charm or freshness. "Henri! I know it well," he said, "such devotion is sweeter to me than victory, or my crown."

The Queen turned haughtily away. "Forget not the monarch in the husband," she said, "as your enemies say is sometimes the case. I—I love you, Charles. But I love royalty as a woman ever loves it, and could clasp the sceptre to my very soul! I could lay my crown on the very bosom where my children drew their life, and say to it —My second and dearer life!"

As one disappointed feeling after another coursed through her ill regulated mind, her temper kindled to that excess of violence that sometimes put even her husband's patience to flight. "I see how it is," she said, with a sparkling eye and flushed cheek: "their cursed intrigues have been too strong for me, and you are their tool. Am I to fly to Holland again? Better do so, Santa Maria! than be powerless in my own Court. Will prayers and sanctity tame your factious nobles, who sneer at their kneeling monarch, as the demons did around St. Antony in the desert?"

The King spoke not a word in reply to this burst of temper; for the opening door at that mo-

ment admitted his children. He rose and took them in his arms, and kissed them ardently. The bosom of his family, or the gifted circles of private society, were the scenes in which Charles appeared one of the most amiable and accomplished of men. A husband and father, fond even to excess, he had been far happier in private life, or in a peaceful cottage, than on the throne of the Stuarts; and his bravery in the field would have deserved a better result, had it not been marred, in the most critical moments, by a want of energy and presence of mind.

"She has the looks of her mother," he said, putting aside the redundant tresses of his youngest daughter, Anna; "and the same full and ruby lips. —My child, why look you so earnest and sad at me? Has any one told you that your father is going to battle, to fight for his crown?"

"And where is it, the crown that you fight for so often, my father?" said the girl.

The King turned his face away to conceal a tear. "It should now have been on this head, my child, that sorrows are beginning to turn grey; it should have been on your mother's lovely brows—such, oh such as I have seen it! and well did the golden circlet sit on her light tresses. But they will take

it from us, Anna; and if God restrain them not, you will be no monarch's child."

"You forget your favourite," said the Queen, "who has done little of late but talk of her father's victory, for she was sure he had gained it."

"Elizabeth, my Princess!" said Charles, "then I am a traitor to myself, as my enemies say, to forget you. Yes, the dark and severe eye of your grandsire, that I love to look on!—often it is present to me in the tent and in my dreams. Come to me, and clasp your hands round my neck, and press your cheek to mine. Yes, my love, they are the tears of a king that are falling on it, and I cannot stay them." He paused a few moments, to calm the violence of his feelings. "I am a monarch; my brother, Lewis, fills the throne of France; and my father-in-law, the greatest of modern princes, sat there before him; yet I am compelled, like a thief, to steal a few hours with my wife and children,—and for this they will blame me. Oh, my Henri! I could yield up all, to be ever thus—ever to drink in the sweet glances of my children—to hear their voices."

"Would to God that it were thus!" said the Queen, deeply moved; "but I could not counsel

you to it, even for their sakes—for my sake! What would become of Charles's inheritance, or of that sad boy's beside you?"

"It shall not be wrested from them," said the King. "I am the Lord's anointed, as even the hardest of the fanatics allow, and the hand of man cannot impiously rend away his sacred heritage. For my son, I will fight to the last; and Charles is well able to defend his right, when I am gone; the spirit of the Stuarts is in that boy!—For you, James, the pen will suit you better than the sword. Look not so sad and darkly on your father, as though there were some portent on your brow. Should the blood of England not have flown enough when you are King, treat with your people, James; promise them, soothe them; but do not draw the sword.—Better," he added, with a deep sigh, "had mine been sheathed ere this."

Not long before midnight the King retired, to seek a few hours' hurried repose, and was attended by Trevanion, who had lately been appointed one of the grooms of the bed-chamber, in place of Lindesay, who had gone over to the enemy. He was assisted by the former to undress, who would then have retired to the outer chamber.

"Remain here," said the King; "there is the pallet by my bed-side, that was occupied by Lindesay. If I mistake not, you have often slept harder ere now."

"In your Majesty's service," said the latter, "I have found the hardest bed sweet."

"'Tis an unthankful service, I fear," said the King: "the times seem to darken around us; but the hour is at hand, I trust, that will redress all.—And now, good night, General; sweet slumbers be with you! Be careful to awaken me at break of day."

The latter then lay down on a pallet, at a short distance from the bed of the prince, who soon after fell asleep.

The apartment was lighted, as was always the custom, by a round cake of wax, in a silver basin, placed on a stool: and the following incident is related by the writer of the prince's life to have happened here:—

"After some time the groom awoke, and observing the room to be perfectly dark, looked towards the lamp, but it was extinguished; and he forbore to call those who were in the next chamber to bring another light, for fear of waking

the King. He fell asleep again, and waking in two or three hours, to his great surprise, he saw the lamp bright burning. He ventured to tell his Majesty of the circumstance, who said, 'that he himself awaking in the night, took notice that all was dark, and to be satisfied, put by the curtains to look at the lamp; and then, after a long time, he found a brilliant light. It was a strange thing,' he said, 'but he did consider it as a prognostic of God's future favour and mercy towards him or his; that although he was at that time so eclipsed, yet either he or they might shine out bright again.' "

"Why does your Majesty deem its fulfilment so remote," said Trevanion, "if it be an augury of good?"

"We cannot know," said the King, "in what day or hour the mercies we pray for shall come. Night and day I have intreated for peace, and the restoration of my rights, and yet they come not. On my son's head may descend the blessing that is not vouchsafed to mine."

"May I presume to ask," said the other, "if your Majesty deems that momentary darkness a presage of coming evil? After I marked it, sleep

came no more, and it left a shadow and sadness on my thoughts."

"It is not a thing to yield thus lightly to," said the King graciously; "though I have often, in my wayward fortunes, had warnings and signs that have never failed to come to pass. It tells of no darkness to your fortune, Trevanion. To me, battles, whether gained or lost, leave a sadness and misgiving behind;—fame has nought to do with my victories.—See you these wrinkles on my brow—these lines? Laurels do not leave such deep traces behind. But you are a successful soldier. Your lost friend served me faithfully, I remember, in my northern march. Is this your first essay in arms?"

"I left the retirement of my native roof, where the chief part of my life had been spent," he replied, "to take arms for your Majesty. A few months only have elapsed since I exchanged a life of seclusion for the field."

"You have done well and nobly for your King, Trevanion; but unwisely, rashly for yourself. Deem you, that a little rank or honour is a sufficient recompense for the loss of peace, quiet, and elegant retirement—the free, unfettered enjoy-

ment of one's own thoughts and actions—the power to make one's own bliss on earth, or seek it with those we love?"

The officer looked earnestly and sadly at his prince, as though he had read the secrets of his heart.

"Was it a lovely place," continued the latter, "to which Nature had been bountiful?"

"It was all this, my Liege," was the reply: "deep and ancient woods surrounded the seat of my fathers; and the sea, with its barrier of noble cliffs, spread beyond."

"It was a happy place! Had I been Trevanion, methinks I had not left it for the strifes and convulsions without; but the King feels deeply what his servants have abandoned for his sake. Another battle, General, and he, too, will think of rest from his toils. A victory! and then we march to Whitehall. The war will be quickly over, and my throne secure. Then, what do you intend?—to share the sunshine of your Monarch's prosperity, or to return to your calm seat, with its groves and waves?"

"I have not decided," he replied, somewhat embarrassed.

"Beware, beware, young man," said Charles, "of trusting to prince's favour, or building your hope in the regions of a court. When that hour comes, return to Carhayes; for so, I think, you called it; breathe there the pure and free air, that comes not to the palace.—Merciful heaven!" he said, turning away, "are these men, even the most devoted of them, thus interested? Are their spirits moulded differently from mine, that they thirst for the poor honours I can give, even through bloodshed and death, as the hart does for the brook, and cast away the quiet for which I sigh day and night?—But the day breaks, Trevanion; we must away: see that every thing be instantly ready for parting."

He obeyed the order; and on his return to the chamber, shortly after, he found the King already dressed, and on his knees by the bed-side. Not a sound reigned throughout the place at this early hour, save the impatient stamp of the coursers in the court beneath. He could not withdraw his eyes from the kneeling monarch, who seemed, by his low muttered tones, to pray earnestly for success in the battle he was now hastening to seek. By the faint light that came into the chamber,

Trevanion, to his surprise, remarked, what he had scarcely noticed before, how much the King was altered by his late reverses: his cheeks were evidently sunken and wasted; his frame, too, was wasted and thin: sorrow and anxiety were fast doing the work of many years on his frame, even in the prime of life. He was clothed in armour, all, save his helmet and mailed gloves; and the blending of the humble suppliant and the warrior prince, brought to his mind the days of the paladins of the cross.

Charles rose at last, and demanded if all was ready: he then quickly descended to the court-yard, mounted his favourite white charger, and in a few moments the rapid and retiring steps of the party were heard echoing through the silent and empty streets.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Though loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
That's naething like leaving my love on the shore;
By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd;
But to leave thee behind me my heart is sair pain'd;
Thus mingle our tears on the far bloody shore,
Maybe to return to Lochaber no more."

He arrived in the town of Esham almost before his absence was known, save to some of his chief officers, and found that the enemy was still immovable in their quarters before Gloucester. On the following day, however, Essex quitted his position, and resolved to make good his march to London, avoiding, if it were possible, any battle by the way. He had hoped to be in time to take possession of the town of Newbury, that lay directly in his way; but the King was beforehand with him, and advanced so quickly, as to enter the place some hours before the army of the Par-

liament came in sight. Essex posted his force on a hill, within a mile of the town, in excellent order. It was the King's desire, as it was his interest, to avoid an action, till the disadvantageous situation of the enemy should seem to render victory certain. He was in a secure position, in a town supplied abundantly with provisions, and Oxford at no great distance; while Essex was destitute of all these advantages, and watched a favourable opportunity of retiring, without coming to blows. But the rashness of some young officers in his army deprived the former of all these advantages: they were impatient to attack, and, in spite of his efforts to the contrary, strong parties of the troops became so much engaged, that Charles was obliged to advance with his whole force. The horse of the enemy gave way before the impetuous charge of the royal cavalry, that at first bore down every thing before them. Rupert rode up to where his Majesty stood, calmly surveying the progress of the battle: "The victory is yours, Sire," he said; "I have only to beat those raw foot off the hill, and the way to your capital is free."

"Charge them home," said the King; "never

did saint long more for his rest, than I do to see that army scattered. Essex has been a spectre in my path."

The Prince then bore with all the royal cavalry on the republican foot, who were left defenceless, by the flight of their horse, on every side. They consisted chiefly of the trained bands of London and the auxiliary forces, that had been hastily mixed and sent to the field; and, contrary to all expectation, they stood like a rampart the fierce charges of Rupert, who endured their storm of small shot for hours, but could not break them. Charge after charge was tried, but in vain; and the exposed squadrons of the royal cavalry were rapidly thinned by the vollies of the immovable republicans. The entrance of the former into the action had been so hasty and ill-advised, that all the artillery was left behind in the town, while that of the enemy, posted on the rising ground, did great execution. The King then commanded Trevanion to charge the trained bands with the Cornish infantry. This body, in consequence of the return of half their number after the capture of Bristol, and the disgust of many with the long siege of Gloucester, was reduced to about one

thousand men. They advanced with their wonted ardour on the enemy, but the spell of their success seemed to fail them here; in spite of every effort, they were forced to retire, much shattered; and Essex saw with joy the victory, that he had given up for lost, now inclining to his side. Throughout this trying day, where many a fond hope was crushed, and the best-laid plans destroyed, by the folly and misconduct of his officers, Charles retained the bravery for which he was always distinguished; but he saw the day set upon his broken forces in a bitterness of spirit that words could ill express.

The sun was now setting on the field, and still no success came to the royal side: the King then ordered his wearied horse to cease their attacks; and bringing up the flower of his foot, he advanced to force the infantry of Essex from their position. The contest was obstinate and determined; and the King, being known by his white charger, was exposed at one moment to imminent danger: a small part of the enemy had penetrated to where he stood, and one of them seized his courser's bridle, when he was cut down by Trevanion, who breaking through at the head of some of his infan-

try, the republicans were quickly put to flight, or fell on the spot. But this last onset of the royalists could not restore the fate of the day: they were compelled to retire at last, and Charles was almost forced by some of his officers from the field. His retreat was covered by a party of the shattered infantry; but Essex broke on the rear with a body of horse that he had rallied, and, in spite of the most determined resistance, caused it a severe loss; the greatest, however, was that of its gallant commander, who, in the confused combat of horse and foot mingled in wild disorder, was shot by a pistol-ball in the thigh. The King turned his horse's head, on being told of it, and rode back to the spot where his officer lay wounded, with Baskerville and two or three soldiers standing beside him; he was greatly moved.

"Are you down, too, my brave Cornishman? God has forsaken me," he said bitterly; "yet he might have spared me this day, that has taken my best and trustiest from me: Carnarvon is slain, and Falkland will weep no more for his King's or country's miseries.—Speak to me, Trevanion; how fares it with you?"

"It fares well with me, for you are safe, my

prince," he replied, turning his eyes eagerly on him.

"Are you wounded to the death?—Raise him instantly, and bear him to the town, to my own quarters, where my surgeon shall look to his hurts."

Trevanion signified, by a wave of his hand, that it was useless. "It is in vain," he said, with a faint smile: "let me rest where I have fallen for my King, with those gallant men to accompany me.—Retire, I intreat your Majesty; retire from this spot; Essex may charge again, and your life be in peril."

The King returned no answer, but seemed lost in thought: the shouts of the charging bands that drew nigher, and the rolling of the musketry, he seemed not to hear.

"What will Henri say," he said slowly, "when I return, and the day is lost, and Lucius, Herbert, and Trevanion, are no more? Would that the bitterness of this cup was poured into my own soul, and that hers tasted not of it! My Queen! I 'd rather meet the fiercest charge than the sorrow of thine eye.—And why not charge again? there is yet light enough.—Where is Rupert? let him on

the hill once more cry, 'For God and the right!' it may yet redeem the day." And he waved his sword wildly towards the scattered squadrons.

"The day is lost," said his officer, "and Rupert cannot redeem it: had he been less prodigal of his headlong charges, it might have been—Farewell, my Liege; for life flits fast from me.—Heaven give your Majesty a brighter day."

"Then farewell—for ever!" said the King, waving a sad adieu with his hand, and, turning from the spot, rode rapidly off towards the town.

The former raised himself on his hands, and gazed intensely after the white charger of the retreating prince, till it was lost in the distance. But other objects fixed his eyes, and still more intensely, as it was turned on three or four figures advancing through the gloom, who appeared not of the enemy or the royal party, and the white garments of one filled him with strange suspicions. Uncertain sounds caught his ear; yet they seemed familiar to him.

"Baskerville," he said, "in mercy seek who these people are, or why they wander thus on the battle-field."

The veteran hastened towards the group, who,

turning wistfully from one side to the other, seemed to be seeking some object who was dear to them. He gazed in utter astonishment on the fair and frail form that stood before him, but who, in the excess of her agitation, was utterly unable to express what she sought.

"Is it you, Miss Dawnay?" he said at last; "or do my eyes deceive me?"

"If you have any mercy," said her companion, "tell her of Trevanion: we heard in the town, which we reached late last night, that he is wounded in the fight, and dangerously: if he is on the field, lead us to where he lies."

The officer made no answer, but silently led the way: and Eleanor kneeled beside her lover, and clasped his hand convulsively in both her own, and looked wildly in his face, but spoke not a word, or shed a single tear. To him, her coming was like that of an angel; he drew her closely to his mailed breast, to be assured it was no phantom in his dying hour, but his own loved and betrothed bride.

"Eleanor," he said, with all the firmness he could rally, "we had not thought to meet thus—look not so despairingly on me; 'tis but a flesh-

wound, that will soon be well: the loss of blood has greatly weakened me."

She stooped and kissed his forehead and his lips. "Trevanion, do not deceive me: the damps are on your brow, and your lips grow cold. I can bear the worst: I am armed, oh! I am armed to bear it." And she burst into a flood of tears, but they were quickly conquered; and turning to the soldiers: "Do you leave your commander to bleed to death? Bear him instantly to the town. Alas! had we arrived there but a few hours earlier, this had not been: but hasten as for your lives—and my care, Trevanion, will be better than the leech's skill."

Baskerville shook his head, and turned on the speaker a hopeless look.

"Eleanor," said her lover, "the woman who could seek me thus, through peril and sorrow, even on the battle-field, out of fear for my safety, can bear to look on my last hour.—I am dying; where you—would have wished me to die—but, not yet—I would have returned, rich in glory, to your arms; then we had been happy in each other's love, amid the shades, the dear seclusion of my native home." A deep agony passed over his

features as the remembrance rose before him. "All grows dim around me—let me gaze on the features and the form that were to have been mine, but now lost for ever!—For what do I lose them? Ambition, Eleanor; whose love hath rivalled the love of thee! and now leaves me desolate.—My heart never wandered—never, for a moment—the smiles of princes, the words of strangers, drew my senses away—and this is my atonement."

"It is mine—it is mine!" she said. "I fanned the thirst of glory in your heart. I said, when you come distihguished, my hand shall be yours; and now the words are fulfilled.—Take it," she said wildly, "and clasp it to your heart. I am your bride; for well, my noble lover, have you redeemed your pledge."

He clasped the hand, and his eye kindled with its last strong lustre, as he fixed it on her. "I have well redeemed my word, that when we met again, your lover would be no longer unknown. Think, oh think that his bed of death is glorious: it is shadowed with the honours of his prince, in whose defence he dies. You are fading from my sight, my own devoted bride—lost, lost for ever: —lay me in my bloody shroud, ere you go, for

the night comes on us, the darkness covers us. Eleanor, I was warned! In the hurried slumber, ere the fight, he came before me—Sir Beville, my noble friend, and bent on me his bright eye; but it was unutterably bright; and said, 'Come, Trevanion; we have been parted long; this field of Newbury will be your last.'—And now, I come! his mailed hand grasps me—cold on my heart—"

The night came down fast and darkly on the fair form that still knelt there, and on the cold features over which it hung, where the smile of the undaunted soldier was still visible after the spirit had passed away. The sounds of sorrow that would not be comforted, were mingled with the cries of the scattered combatants, and the loud rushing of the cavalry over the darkening battle field.

CHAPTER XV.

> " Nothing remains to agitate her breast;
> Spent is the tempest, and the sky at rest;
> But while it raged, her peace its ruin met,
> And now the sun is on her prospects set."
>
> CRABBE.

THE bark was moored within the bosom of a bold and narrow cove, hemmed in on each side by lofty precipices, within which the breeze was hardly felt; the crew were carelessly busied in preparations for departure, and cast their eyes at times, amidst their work, towards the lofty beach, on which the wild goat, or the watchful fisherman, alone was visible. The faint breeze scarcely fanned the sails, that flapped loosely on the mast; the cry of the sea-bird, and the voices of the crew, rung clearly amidst the high rocks and the silvery strand at their feet, from which the tide was fast

ebbing. From the height above, the woods and towers of St. Germain's might be discerned at a few miles' distance, and the course of the river Lynher.

At last the sound of many voices was heard, and several figures were seen on the summit, who stood a short time, and looked anxiously down on the shore and the bark, and then on the sweep of ocean beyond.

They descended, and stood beside the ebbing tide, that solitary group, amidst which the forms of Eleanor Dawnay and her sister were instantly distinguished; the latter seemed to point to the sea, and turn an imploring look on her companion, who heeded it not. The old man was there, the image of sorrow, his white hair stirred by the breeze, his eye turned on the ocean before him, and then on the loved daughter whom he was about to lose.

After the ruin of her earthly hopes, in the death of her lover near Newbury, the latter had returned to St. Germain's, where every art and effort was tried by her family to divert the melancholy that had settled on her mind. But time only made it deeper and more hopeless: weeks

and months were fled, and the new year brought the early approach of spring; but no change came on her spirit, the spell of whose strength, hope and joy, was broken for ever. She was resolved at last to change the scene: sorrow such as hers, indulged in retirement, fanned but too deeply the native enthusiasm of her character.

To leave the world for the sake of religion, now appeared a lovely and desirable thing: even in early life, this idea had floated across her waking thoughts as well as her dreams by night; and now it seemed to be her destiny; and the blow of fate, that had fallen so heavily, sent to summon her to a chosen lot, a purer path. A distant relative of the family, as has been mentioned, was abbess of a convent in the south of France, near the banks of the Rhone, and there she determined to retire.

Her mind grew calmer and more resigned from the time of this resolve, from which neither the tears nor persuasions of her father and sister could ever for a moment divert her. There, she said, in that sweet and blest retirement a new impulse would be given to her despairing thoughts: and the love of Heaven would succeed to the love of him who had perished. Her friends saw it was in

vain to oppose; that to resist her passionate desire would only aggravate tenfold her embittered feelings; still, the father intreated for delay, in hope that time, and the consolations of others, would make the world again seem welcome.

But the world grew darker to her view; and the hour of departure came at last, when, accompanied by a near relative of the family, it was fixed she should sail for the coast of France. Eleanor lingered often amidst her loved and secluded walks and venerable ruin, where so many of her hours had been passed, and saw the morn rise at last, that was to see her quit them for ever.

Of the crowd of friends who came around her, she took an affectionate leave: some of them, on this day, attended her to the shore. It was a dull and mild morning in the beginning of February; no keen wintry feeling was in the air: already the primroses and spring flowers began to cover the lawns and hedges; the party wound their way slowly towards the beach, where the bark now waited.

Catherine threw herself on her sister's neck and wept bitterly. "Once more," she said, "listen to

me; do not go from us thus, to meet no more for ever;—if not for my sake—for our father's, stay."

"My sister," said the latter kindly but firmly, "my heart would break if persuaded from its present resolve. All love of the world is entombed in Trevanion's grave; it never can know another love, save that of thee, Santa Maria, who hast aided me to bear this blow. Yes, Catherine, I go to dedicate my life to Heaven; but, my sister, and you, my dear, dear father, will ever be present to my thoughts; my father,"—and her voice failed, and the tears streamed down her pallid countenance: she took his trembling hand and pressed it to her lips, then gazed on his aged countenance—"forgive me this disobedience, the only one you have known in me: think, when I am gone, that I am happy: that in my cell, my garden, the society of the pious sisters, I am far happier than if exposed to the hopes and visions of the world: they have been broken, miserably broken, and why should I cherish them again? Oh how fondly, how dearly I cherished them! but it was for his sake more than my own."

The old man looked on his child as if he wished

to rivet her form and face in his memory, ere he saw them no more: they were altered, deeply altered, from what they had been: the dark and commanding eye was sunken; the graceful form, wan and attenuated; and the dress, already simple and plain, to suit the state in which she was about to enter. It was difficult, in the being who stood at the water's edge, to recognize the elegant, attractive Eleanor Dawnay.

The breeze in the mean time freshened, the sailors were impatient to depart ere the ebb of tide, and the beach rung with the sound of their busy preparations. She disengaged herself gently from her sister's last embrace, and then turned to her once more. "Catherine, when you go to the ruined abbey again,—and go there at times for my sake,—promise me to gaze on our mother's tomb—there I stood with Trevanion on that fated night, and her words were a warning to my spirit: I thought so then, but oh! I see it now: 'My children, love the still and simple paths of life—so shall your steps be without thorns, and your last rest sweet as mine.'"

So saying, the resolved and unfortunate young woman stepped into the boat that waited her, and waved her hand as a last adieu; but, ere the

boat departed, some remembrance struggled in her thoughts, as she beckoned her sister to draw nigh. "Pity my weakness," she said, in a low tone, her pale cheek crimsoned, and the fire of this world flashing in her eye;—"should you go to the church of St. Michael Carhayes, his arms are there; the helm and breastplate in which he died: see that they be ever bright and stainless—Catherine, they are a hero's arms!" The oars then flashed in the wave; in a few moments she was at the vessel's side, that quickly after spread her sails to the freshening breeze. As she made her way slowly out of the cove, and then far to sea, the party on the beach followed her with eager eye, and lingered till her lessening sails and hull were scarcely visible in the distance. Again on the brow of the precipice above, Mr. Dawnay turned, and still fancied he saw the bark that bore his Eleanor distinctly; but it had faded in the horizon.

After her departure, the dwelling no longer appeared to be the same: he had lost his favourite companion; and his walks, though now confined within very small limits, had lost too their chief charm; and, for the first time, the ancient mansion seemed lonely and melancholy.

It is an old remark, that time softens the most

bereaved feelings; and that few ills, however hard to bear, come wholly unattended with good. When spring was fully advanced, less loneliness and sadness were felt in the hâll.

On a lovely morning, in the early part of May, two persons were seen carelessly walking not far from the village: the resemblance the lady's features and air bore to those of the exile, would have induced a distant observer to imagine the fair recluse was returned to the world again; bût the greater fulness of figure, and the proud bearing, proved it to be Catherine Dawnay: her companion was the once rejected, but now countenanced lover. He was richly dressed: a glowing colour mantled his expressive features, and his dark eye flashed with joy. Mr. Dawnay, deeply dejected at the loss of his youngest daughter, and now wholly dependent on the society and affection of the elder, declined to oppose her attachment any longer, and, after a severe conflict with himself, consented to her union with her present companion. This was unexpected by both; but political animosity and private prejudice gave way before the love as well as sorrow of the father, and they now found their long and concealed attach-

ment crowned at last with success. They heard at times from Eleanor, who wrote that she was happy, beyond even her own hopes, in the retirement of the convent, on the banks of the Rhone: she comforted her parent with the warmest assurances that the step she had taken was pointed out by Heaven, and that it was fraught with more comfort than she had expected earth could ever again give her.

Every obstacle was now taken away from their path; and as they walked idly on, they conversed calmly of the past thorns and bitters with which it had been strewed: the well-known lawns, lakes, and river beyond, never looked lovelier than on the present morning; and their steps wandered by degrees to the banks of the stream, and Catherine sat again on the rock whence she had seen the bloody fray with the mariners, and heard the avowal of her companion's attachment. As she sat there, he could not help gazing on her with admiration: he had seen beauty in every clime in which it is most famed; but in her hazel eye and speaking features was that play of the fancy and the soul, which not only inspires, but what is far harder, allows not affection to depart.

He then told again, for she loved to hear it, of his journey to Newbury with her ill-fated sister, of the death of Trevanion on the battle-field, and of the sad and weary journey thence, after a few days' stay in the town.

The morning passed quickly away while they were thus engaged; and, to vary the scene, they quitted the banks of the river, and walked up a wild and narrow glen that opened from the water. Its upper part was covered with trees and strewed with rocks, over which gushed down a small and impetuous sheet of water. The spot whence this issued was one of the sweetest in the neighbourhood, being the porch of an old chapel or chantry, that was coated with ivy; in its floor was a deep and clear well of water, on which the sun never shone, and which supplied the fall that rolled over the rocks and through the dell. As the lady and her companion now stood on the slope of the ravine, and admired the wild and dark scene beneath, they were surprised at the view of a figure within the portico, that seemed so intensely busied with itself as not to regard any object, animate or inanimate, around, neither the noisy foaming stream, the vestiges of antiquity, nor the living

beings who were gazing on them. Curious to know who could be in a spot that was seldom intruded upon, they descended nigher, and let their voices be heard.

In a few moments, a round head and shoulders were thrust out of the porch, and two large eyes were earnestly directed upwards. "Is it you, Mr. Carries, and my lady, in sitch a lone place?" exclaimed a voice of deep surprise.

"Honor," said the latter, "I did not know you had a taste for antiquity before: what can you be doing there?"

"I ha' known the ould ruin many years agone, my lady, and bin here both morn and eve with one that's gone to a far land now; and maybe I was only come here to revive the memory o' these feelins; for, as I've heard her say, there's a pleasure in grievin', like a thing, now and then."

"But," said the other, "you never have felt a very keen regard for these ruined places, or sympathy in their decay; why, then, should you be mourning over them now?"

"As to mournin', no, that's true," was the reply; "for a keenlie man, one might sorrow in a way; but for an ould wall—the truth is, 'tis always

bin said there's a sort o' charm in this dark will* o' water; a sort o' cleansin' vertue upon the mind, that if you do wash three times parfictly, you'll ha' your wish: your Ladyship ha' heard the thing afore."

"So, then, Honor," said the lady, "you've been yielding to this superstition; and have come to this lone and sad place to perform a rite, that I've heard you ridicule before: I should not have expected this."

"No rite, my lady; nothin' of the kind," said the latter, much annoyed to be thus discovered, and striving in the mean time to arrange her long dishevelled locks, that hung dripping with wet like those of a water-nymph; "if I must say it, 'tis out o' love to one that I need'n name; and so I was to take a round grey stone, and turnin' my back to the sea and the roarin' of the stream, lookin' hard in the will at the same time, call upon St. Mitten three times; and then, pitchin' the stone over my head, I should see the face of 'en, not o' the saint, risin' from the bottom. I just got my eye upon 'en when your Ladyship called out;—'tis idle, simple doins after all."

* Well.

"And do you mean to go on with them?" said the lady, who, with her companion, was excessively amused with her attendant's character.

"No, I ha' done, and little good got by it, save the tanglin' and mattin' o' my long hair, like a heap o' ore weed; 'twill be days dryin' and gitten the gloss agen.—But my Lady," she continued more solemnly, "I feel a inward relief in bein' freed from crossin's and ruins; 'tis a blessin' the trams and saints, and images o' papistry—hem! 'twas like a millstone about my neck, that clean obscured the truth. Miss Eleanor, dear lady, was given to these things."

"And you did not turn your back on them, I think," was the reply; "you had at times a hankering desire after them."

"A hankerin'! after things o' darkness and error. I spoke kindly about 'em to my lady; and went many a weary mile to see after them. There's one that I'll look after for her sake; St. Teath in the nook in the wall.—But you're lookin' the picture o' happiness, Mr. Carries, and your face got a clear colour, and your eye is bright; I never saw my lady look so handsome; so there'll be a concludin' soon o'your doubts and trials, I spose."

"And of yours too, I hope," said the former, "if report says true."

"Not so quick, no; though 'twas for that I was lookin' in the well: he's come back from the wars, but the man had a tryin' time of it the other day, as bitter as the battle o' Newberry. Miss Eleanor, you know, wanted me to go with her and be a nun, and live a denyin' life in the convent. John Tresize heard o' the thing, and came to me, and talked and looked in sitch a wild way—so I tould my lady 'twas no use."

"Then," said the other, "you are soon like to quit the service of your mistress; she will have a heavy loss of your care and fidelity."

Honor stepped fairly out, and stood in the mouth of the porch, just above the little cataract that rattled from one rock to another at her feet, and lifted her hand in the attitude of extreme caution.

"There's a sort o' gulf, Mr. Carries, between the pleasin' the eye and rejoicin' the heart with a keenlie form, and the seein' the same seated down beside 'e, to a decent covered table, under a warm roof, and a clear turfy fire in the chimlie. You've nothin' o' these trams to think of, but to me—And

now, Mr. Carries, I hope your wanderins are over: you'll not find a face like that alongside 'e, and an eye, and sitch a form to look upon, in a desert, or upon a rock; but," with a warning glance of her large eye, "never go forth wandering more, through all known lands; 'tis like the dashin' o' the water from rock to rock where I'm standin'; it don't come to no dipth nor clearness, and there's a tirin', a wearin' out o' love, when a man's eye isn't satisfied wi' seein', nor his feet wi' change. And what more do 'e want? hav'n 'e bin stravaigin' about for years, and so preserved? And there's Sir Beville gone, and the Curnel, and the great and fierce men o' the earth, with that comelie youth, Nicholas; and you are kipt as in a shadow, and the fairest woman in all the neighbourin' to be with 'e for life, wi' the ould hall, and the lawn, and the waters, and the groves besides, to dwell in."

"And that is justly spoken, Honor," said Carries, struck with the truth as well as force of her words; "and you shall never want a home and a welcome there, with your lady's consent, as long as you live, married or single."

"And that's a kind offer, thanks to my lady and you, and I shall remember your words; for I

love the ould place, and so do he too. You 'll hardly believe it, but John Tresize came back with a love o' wanderin' too, and gittin a name, from the wars; he stood like a rock in the battle o' Newberry, I'm tould; and the thing preyed upon his mind, for he 's a thinkin' creature. I made short work with 'en, though I 'm more sparin' o' my words now than I was; for since I met Rob Trewen in that lone mill in the wood, I ha' thought, my lady, that a quick word like, or a desinin' glance o' one's eye, may bring a burden after, as that unhappy man ha' filt." Unwilling to linger any longer, and disturb the conclusion of the rite, they bade the recluse of the glen adieu, as she finished these words, and went on their way along the gentle hills that rose beyond, and soon stood before the grey dwelling, that lifted its front in defiance of time.

A few weeks more passed, and Catherine Dawnay gave her hand to the man she loved, in the small church of Saint Germain's, whose spire just rose above the lofty oaks; the zeal of the republican, as well as the love of proselytism to his favourite sentiments, seemed from that moment to

be calmed in the wanderer's breast. He resided with his attached and beautiful bride in the old palace, as it was still called, and heard the sound of war afar off, and saw the changes that convulsed the kingdom, but clung to his domestic scene with an ardour that the passage of years did not diminish. There he would tell at times, at evening, when the winter blasts covered the distant tops of Hengston and Brownwilly with snow, and howled round the exposed dwelling, of his many and far wanderings, of the bitter as well as lovely changes he had known. And Catherine, seated by his side, drank in the soft sounds of his voice, and bent her dark eye on his with a power, that neither Arab nor Circassian's had ever known, at least so he deemed.

The faithful attendant, in the hour of darkness as well as comfort, Honor Middlar, ere summer had entirely given its splendid foliage to the faded hues of autumn, crowned the long cherished hopes of her admirer, with what he deemed the greatest treasure on earth, the gift of her round, short, comfortable person. As they walked home from church through the lane, it was no little mortification to Honor, that the friends, relatives, and

spectators, who lined the fields on each side, could gain but a very imperfect view over the hedge, of the new, flashy, and really attractive bonnet that her mistress had made her a present of on the occasion; while the bridegroom towered in every eye, like one of the oaks of St. Germain's set in motion. It was the only time in her life, she said, she had ever wished to be tall; but when arrived in the small, low, but exquisitely neat cottage, provided by her kind lady, she looked round with a keen and satisfied eye.

There was a nice furze croft to the right, a most breezy spot, to supply ample firing through the winter; two cows in a small meadow on the left, and, already provided against the ensuing cold season, a large rick, as high as the dwelling, of excellent dried turf; while within, it was a perfect picture, far more commodious for herself than her lofty mate, whom she warned against ever attempting to stand upright.

Not thus happily terminated the career of the remaining characters of our history. Adversity, it is true, did not lay its iron hand on them; but they lacked the fulness of bliss that seemed to have fallen to the lot of the aforesaid being.

The worthy and resolved Arthur Trenlyon, never entirely recovered the blow that had been struck at his house; root and branch, he said, were both gone; and in place of hovering round the ruins of Tintayel, he took his evening walk beneath the elm and oak trees in the church-yard. Whether the sun gilded their tops in evening beauty, or the rain fell drizzling through the branches, or the keen sea wind swept sadly through the despoiled avenues, he never failed to walk there exactly at the same hour. On two or three occasions he was seen to pause, and lean against the ancient tree, as he had done on the evening of the funeral; and clasp his hands, and gaze long at the massive portal through which the departed lord had been borne for ever from his view. His habits remained the same: he went still to the Ivy Bush: he could not give it up, for it was his chief comfort. Seated in the long-loved settle, he chatted the hours away, or let them pass silently by, while he drank out of the dust-covered and favourite bottle, and listened to the talk of the guests, lifting his grey eye to fix it for a moment on some speaker, and then turning it again on the spacious chimney. Tomasina saw a brightness

arise in her path, and a vivid joy, after all her lengthened trials and disappointments. It was more than even the most visionary female spirit could have pictured, and so she said to herself, to think that Arthur would ever give his consent to her marrying Trebarva. But so it actually was. Arthur's spirit was humbled by sorrow, and the long, lean form and stingy aspect of the man he had fiercely hated drew nigh his dwelling, mounted the five steps in front, and wound its way once more through the passage into the parlour. Damsen was attired in her most glorious array: she ventured on this occasion to trust the sound of her own voice; and, after one quivering, misgiving glance at her brother, who sat quiet and composed in his arm-chair, held out her hand in kindly greeting. But that brother's aspect was not always so composed: when in the well-known kitchen it was turned on the still fair and pale Elizabeth, on whose features, marked somewhat more rudely by sorrow, he would look long and eagerly, follow her with his eye when she rose; and when she sighed, his own deep sigh would follow like the echo. But the youthful widow gave no signs of encouragement; the Squire had, in

truth, little chance of success, while the loss of her newly made husband, in the prime of life, and the cruel death of her gallant lover Nicholas, were present to her memory. In summer she would sit on the stone bench without, when no guests were there, in the shadow of the overhanging trees, and look long on the stream that feel from the old fountain, as if its murmur could lull her disturbed thoughts to rest. And often she opened and read eagerly in the pages of the book that had long been her companion, "the Saint's everlasting Rest." It had always been her favourite theme, and she now loved it the better that it had been clasped in the trembling yet daring hand of Nicholas, in his sick-chamber, ere he went to the fight of Lansdowne. Her mild eye would grow brighter in these moments: as it was lifted towards the cloudless sky, hope beamed in it; for there she hoped would be her rest; there she was assured the storms of passion would no more rend her spirit.

Her mother did the honours of the Ivy Bush very many years afterwards, with a strength both of mind and body, that Time himself seemed fearful of meddling with. Few things vexed her more

than when the Squire let a week pass by without coming to the hostel,—when his sister, however, went from him, the sun had seldom set long, ere he closed his own door, and passed down the street of the little village to the well-known sign; for his home felt rather lonely. The last important event was nearly crushed on the very threshold; for a fierce wrangle took place about the settlement of Damsen, whether Roulis croft and Pendrai bottom, the latter of which was excellent for grazing sheep, should be included in her portion: her future lord had very nearly suffered as violent an ejectment as on that fated night when he took up his abode among the tombs in the church-yard. His bride at last consented to waive this part of her right, and soon after accompanied the object of her first affections to his grey dwelling and tower of Trebarva hall, in its treeless valley, and dull, shallow stream beside.

In the valley of Combe, in the very hamlet where he first found shelter, beneath the roof of Kiltor, the champion of the ring, still lived a fierce and wretched old man. He went no more near the towers of Stowe: no intreaty could induce him to linger out his last days there. "When

will that last day come?" he sometimes bitterly exclaimed; "the worm that will not die is at my heart, but I cannot die—I am too strong to die." And still, year after year, his stalwart and weather-beaten frame bore up against the inroads of age: his white hair streaming in the wind, with haggard features, and large bony hands clenched sometimes on a club or a rusty weapon, he was seen often walking up and down the glen, happiest when he deemed the hour of battle was nigh; for then his eye gleamed, his frame was no longer bowed, and his voice had lost none of its strength. But in the hour, and that hour came often, when seated in his almost lonely cot, Andrews longed for death; for the form of his daughter Mary came before him, who looked fiercely at her father, and spoke not a word; and at her side was a dim but beautiful form, that of the son he had slain!

THE END.

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